THE COMMONWEAL

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JEWS AND CHRISTIANS COÖPERATING

WHEN three such truly representative leaders of three profoundly important cultures call together a national conference, as Mr. Newton D. Baker, Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes and Mr. Roger W. Straus—the first a Protestant Christian, the second a Catholic and the third a Jew—have done, in order to advance among all the citizens of the United States a higher and stronger measure of religious liberty and mutual understanding than has hitherto prevailed, the event certainly can be hailed with joy and with hope. It comes at a time which gives its constructive character a particularly good opportunity to be manifested. There are so many shadows darkening the world that a bright spot shines with special luster.

The three co-chairmen of this National Conference of Jews and Christians, which is a permanent organization, and which is far from restricting its coöperative efforts even to so notable an effort as the seminar in Washington, D. C. (March 7 to 9 inclusive), are aided by a large group of sponsors and advisers including not merely the "well-known names" of those who are "prominent figures" in the three great cultures, but really including those who are known for their practical and personal contributions to the working out of the many difficult and delicate problems connected with the relations of Jews and Christians in the complex fabric of American life.

No clearer definition of the work undertaken at this national seminar—which has been preceded and prepared for by a series of regional meetings in all quarters of the land—could be given than in the words of Mr. Baker: "The National Conference of Jews and Christians associates a number of thoughtful and earnest people in an effort to analyze and allay the prejudices which exist between Protestants, Catholics and Jews. The conference seeks to moderate and finally to eliminate a series of prejudices which we have in part inherited and which disfigures and distorts our business, social and political relations."

Mr. Everett R. Clinchy is the permanent director of the conference, Dr. Benson Y. Landis is chairman of the Research Committee, Professor W. H. Kilpatrick is chairman of the seminar itself, and the Honorable Alfred M. Cohen is chairman of the Advisory Committee. With such experts in the technical carrying out of the always developing organization of these seminars, and of the peculiarly delicate research work essential to make them something more than rhetorical

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displays (however genuine and well-intentioned) of vague "good-will," it can be taken for granted that the maximum of practicality is likely to be achieved.

We of this journal are particularly interested in the sort of "press" which the conference will receive—not merely in the amount of space devoted to it, at this time, but in the part which the press will permanently take in the continuing work of the conference, and of the work of all other organizations which tends toward the same desirable ends. Generally speaking, and with many special reservations and exceptions, the cause of better understanding between Catholics, Jews and Protestants suffers from and is retarded rather than advanced by the eagerness of the secular press to emphasize the exceptional and the sensational rather than the normal and the commendable. The battles of bigotry make better news than the treaties of peace.

As for the promotion of better understanding among the three main elements of our religious population—Catholics, Jews and Protestants—by the religious press itself, that, too, we think, suffers from the natural tendency of each separate branch to emphasize the news and the special interests of each particular section to the neglect, possibly the inevitable neglect, of the others. When an event of such obvious national importance as this conference occurs, the situation, of course, is decidedly improved; but as most of the work of promoting religious understanding is hardly so important, and so conspicuous for the personnel engaged in the discussions, as the Washington seminar, we cannot judge the normal, or average, conditions by the yardstick of the unusual or the conspicuous events, such as the one in which we are now engaged.

Fortunately, however, there is a circumstance connected with the usual, even with the humdrum, carrying on of our normal religious work, which strongly tends to improve, at least to increase, the secular publicity accompanying it. This circumstance is the fact that our great news-gathering and news-distributing agencies, in common with many of our leading newspapers, have of late both largely increased the amount of space and bettered the manner in which they handle religious news and views. In the larger cities, for example, Monday morning or Monday afternoon, the papers now carry a larger amount of conspicuously displayed sermon reports or digests of religious statements—sometimes interviews and special articles. Here again, however, and quite naturally so, considering the general character of the secular press, attention is mostly given to what may be termed the more "liberal," or "sensational," or at least unorthodox and "original" sermons and statements. The more orthodox, restrained or conventional types of religious utterances suffer—and, we think, are bound to suffer—in such a contrast. Perhaps the only remedy at their command, if the authorities responsible for the interests of the more orthodox bodies deem it wise to use such remedies (which is a highly debatable proposition), would be through the purchase of advertising space, which they might frankly use to set forth the orthodox views or dogmas which the newspaper men (who, like the ancient Athenians, look out for new things rather than necessarily for true things) are bound to grasp at to the disadvantage of the more usual and accustomed sort of thing.

As for the professedly religious papers, we are in favor of periodical meetings or conventions of their representatives, in which efforts might be made to work out some practical program of better and more effective coöperation. After all, their editors and business managers are Americans as well as Catholics, Jews and Protestants, and as they control an agency of immense public value, at least potentially, it behooves them to adopt measures which may minimize unnecessary elements of separatism, and build up those elements tending at least to more united efforts for the common weal.

WEEK BY WEEK

SINCE the lengthier outline of the Sino-Japanese situation which appears in this issue of THE COMMONWEAL was written—it had necessarily to be written some days ago—the general outlook has become much more unfavorable to Japan. Secretary of State Stimson took the bull by the horns and issued a frank defense of the "open door" policy, which alone in his opinion can obviate the development of intense and catastrophic nationalist friction in the Far East. This note might have been devoid of great significance if Chinese resistance to the armies of the mikado had been less determined. Thus far the fighting has resulted in very little. The Japanese are reported to have landed nearly 50,000 troops in all, and to have succeeded in occupying the strategic village of Kiangwan. As a result, the position of the military party in Tokio has been very considerably weakened, and despatches during the last few days indicated a disposition on the part of the Japanese to consider a truce. Of deep spiritual significance is the fact that Pope Pius, in honoring with a radio address the memory of a missionary to China, prayed that his benediction might be an augury of peace and prosperity. The world can ill afford the Sino-Japanese conflict. Any thought of extending this—for instance of employing the force of the United States on one side or the other—must be resolutely opposed.

The Latest from Shanghai

Change over Ireland

WITH the accession of Mr. De Valera to power in Erin, history there is given another impetus. De Valera, that enigmatic man who had a Spanish father and who was born at the corner of 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue where the Chrysler Building now points its lance at the sky, has been raised from the realms of theory and promise of a leader of the opposition to the control of the govern-

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ment where he must prove himself with results. He was an implacable leader of his people in the period of warfare with England, and he has not been content to stop with what might have seemed a comfortable working compromise under the dominion status of Ireland. The material condition of the country has improved steadily under Cosgrave; but De Valera represents the spiritual cause of freedom, a cause that may be illusory in its extremes, an idea, yet one for which men still would sacrifice material advantages. The tariff he would impose on British goods and the abolition of various funding arrangements, will in the end, we suspect, be determined less by politicians than by the Irish farmers and laboring men and merchants feeling their way cautiously for their best advantage in tangible goods. In its more universal implications, the situation in Ireland is another indication that the world after passing through a period of centralization of governments in empires or federated states, is now turning to a more feudal system. Not only is this true of political empires, but also of economic empires. The losses in advantages of citizenship in an empire and of world exchange, could such things be estimated, would probably about equal the gains in a more humane and realistic consideration of local problems and an appreciation of life in terms of living rather than of counters.

WE ARE opposed to a very good deal of what passes for government economy at the present time. Though taxation is an instrument which calls for equitable and cautious handling, it is none the less the government's only legal way of smoothing out the hills and valleys of wealth distribution in a time of dearth. When Mr. Hoover announces that there is "transcendent need for economy" and that therefore the task of simplifying government agencies by reducing staffs must be undertaken, he is doing the taxpayer no great favor and is threatening the economic structure of the nation quite noticeably. For what earthly good could be done by increasing the ranks of the unemployed, and by setting an example that is distinctly bad? There is, indeed, a pernicious thing called the hoarding of wealth; but there is still another termed the hoarding of jobs, and this is far more baneful. If we judge the public opinion of the people correctly, the great emphasis is not upon ridding more individuals and families of the means of livelihood. It is rather upon the notion that, in times of falling prices and of general distress, there might well be a curtailment of official salaries all along. If the President took the lead here, others would follow. But the plight of our present government is its inability to take any initiative and carry it through. Waiting until irresistible force ultimately pushes it into an inevitable direction, it is not a G. H. Q. which leads but a delegation of field clerks which follow. In the hope that those who can will vigorously oppose the President on this policy, we send our felicitations to the recalcitrants of Congress.

Federal Economies

A REPORT recently made to the legislature of New York by Dr. Walter N. Thayer, jr., State Commissioner of Correction, contains an analysis of criminal statistics which is both enlightening and suggestive. Contrary to a rather prevalent idea that city life is most corrupting, statistics revealed that homicide, rape and arson are more prevalent on a per capita basis in rural communities than they are in New York City. "Cities above 40,000 in population were the best types of community in which to live, considering freedom from excess of crime," said the commissioner, and added: "A surprising number of felonies of the more serious sort existed in rural communities and in the smaller towns and villages. By and large, there was as much crime in these communities as in the densely populated areas." Burglary, for instance, was 12 percent more prevalent proportionately in rural sections than in the city. However, if the country produces more criminals, its residents may console themselves with the fact that they seem to be able to deal with them more effectively. In the matter of convictions, rural districts score three out of four; cities under 40,000, three out of five; while New York City convicted only one out of every four persons arraigned. On the whole, crime was shown to be steadily on the increase, with a startlingly high average of youthful offenders whose offenses were definitely vicious. Without allowing for the recidivists, or persons arrested more than once, one person out of every twelve came into the dragnet of the police. Most of the cases were violations of the traffic and dry laws.

Crime

NEWSPAPER accounts of a machine for producing superionized air, useful in the treatment of many diseases, have virtually introduced the name of Dr. Friedrich Dessauer (the inventor) to Americans. Yet there are several reasons why his name ought long since to have become familiar in this country. To be sure Dr. Dessauer is a physician, with a great deal of pioneering research to his credit and with a teaching record which has helped to make the University of Frankfurt one of Europe's leading medical centers. But during recent years he has been particularly active as a Catholic sociologist, concerned with the theory and practice of social-economic betterment. Representing one wing of the Center party, his influence on the younger generation has been notable. What happens to be especially remarkable about his views is the extent to which they have been modified by his study of American conditions. Dessauer is the great modern German antithesis to Spengler. He believes, first of all, that technical advancement is intrinsically not an evil but a good which merely needs proper development. Indeed, he looks on applied science as providential, believing that the trend of history would be incredible otherwise. Secondly, Dessauer finds much that is commendable in American industry

Honoring a Catholic Scientist

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—certain hesitant but nevertheless postive attempts to work coöperatively, sponsored by leaders who combine practical sense with moral integrity. He argues, therefore, that Europe must copy what is best in America instead of childishly abandoning itself to imitation of what is superficial and even reprehensible. In short, we have another demonstration that a genuine scientist can be both a man of wide views and sterling culture as well as a Catholic of the finest kind.

A Chair Is Founded

NOTHING concrete is proposed in the study of American-European relations which M. Bernard Faÿ contributes to the New York *Times*. But the article is written on the occasion of M. Faÿ's appointment to the newly established chair of American Civilization in the Collège de France—a fact in itself significant and promising—and contains clarifications and reminders so generally valuable that we pause upon it here. M. Faÿ is not M. Duhamel, nor even M. Siegfried. Friendly curiosity comes more natural to him than any sort of phobia or prophetic foreboding, and his admiration for us, though not unrestricted, is intelligent and real. He sketches briefly the growth of Europe's awareness of a separate American culture—an awareness that began (belatedly) with the beginning of this century, and since then has run the gamut from amusement and praise to unconcealed apprehension. He allots the blame for this state of things to factors with which we are in the main familiar: there was our penetration of Europe with American specialties which conservative Europeans dislike, like speed and jazz and cocktails; there was the home-grown but internationally publicized criticism of Mencken and Lewis; there were the deliberately Synical reports on America of European lecturers and essayists who wanted to sell their books, and the mistakenly restricted approach to the whole vital American phenomenon, of European observers of a superior caliber; and there were, chiefly perhaps, the post-war strain and the debts. But here M. Faÿ cites another factor, which has hardly entered American thinking on this subject: Moscow's effect on the young progressives.

ONE MIGHT summarize M. Faÿ's contentions thus: the older generation in Europe resents our "modernness"—our mechanics, our speed, our manners, our accumulation of financial power; the younger generation shows a growing tendency to find us not "modern" enough, in the light of the super-modernity of Russia. M. Faÿ thus outlines their "neat description of the world: Russia on the one hand building a new and radiant civilization, and Europe dying slowly in the midst of a . . . refined but worn-out civilization, the most objectionable features of which have been taken up and exaggerated by America." This "myth" honestly possesses "the minds of a great many young people in Europe"; its anti-American element was much augmented by the bitterness everywhere consequent upon our restricting immigration in the last decade. And what will be the issue? The historically taught reader of M. Faÿ's analysis will remind himself, of course, that the youthful mind everywhere and always has been attracted to revolution. But are we failing to exert the counter-pull to Russia's pull, which M. Faÿ rightly deems our obligation? Or is young Europe wilfully failing to respond to it? The answers, he says, are being worked out now. He is hopeful on both counts, but his tone is grave enough to make both continents stop and think: "America is the only great and successful experiment tried by the Old World, the only dream of the eighteenth century that has come true. To realize its value Europe must pass judgment upon itself. . . . If America appears to be a failure . . . if all its vaunted efficiency, its progress and modernity are merely new ways of enslaving man to the machine, then let Europe turn back and look further—perhaps to the remote East. . . . If, on the contrary, America has found, despite many mistakes and difficulties, at least a few valuable principles that may apply to the whole world, then Europe must be careful not to miss the chance of helping herself. No pride and no preconceived ideas should stop us, because after all, Europe and America are bound to live or die together."

The Soviet Speaks for Itself

IN REPEATING, in another connection, that the idealistic and the inexperienced wax enthusiastic over revolutions, we hope not to seem patronizing or amused. Idealists of many ages and revolutions of many sorts are justified in history. But that idealism is no guarantee of judgment, and revolution no guarantee of rightness, is a fact that it is important to state from time to time, with all due gentleness. A Soviet propaganda film, "The Road to Life," now showing in New York and attracting praise and attention from a good many high-minded people, is a case in point. This film, to which Dr. John Dewey speaks the introduction—it is not our function to comment on its artistic merits or demerits—reviews the alleged reclamation of the wild children of Russia. We do not here question that those homeless juvenile hordes, ferocious and often criminal, have been reclaimed, though we have heard it questioned. We accept that they are all housed and fed and trained to work in the children's communes. We accept, of course, that anyone who makes a constructive worker out of a vagabond pickpocket has done a fine and valuable thing, so far as it goes.

WHAT we can hardly bring ourselves to take in is the naïveté that can believe you have dealt definitively with a child when you have made him a mechanic or a cobbler; that human nature, with its complex and puzzling range, is perfectly fulfilled in the hive or the ant-hill. That is what "The Road to Life" teaches you—and it teaches it with a fervor of conviction, a fanatic single-mindedness, that is intensely disquieting

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because intensely sincere. Why must these young boys not have "vodka and women"?—the childish demand that sent the adult workers into gales of merriment. Because it will interfere with their work. Why must they not destroy their barracks and machinery? Because "the state trusts us" to turn out shoes and lay railroad ties. Why must they not steal? Because good workers don't steal. When the afflatus has left the Soviet system, and it has hardened (if it lives that long) into a horrible helotry, without divine hope or even human grace, it will be an ironic memory that an audience of American idealists cheered these sentiments as they might cheer their own mighty charter of emancipation: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—"

Paradise in Portugal

OF PORTUGAL we know nothing unusual. It is said to be a comely land, frequently given to spats of insipid politics which usually deal a blow to religion or, more simply, the Catholic Church. Such things must be referred to better authorities than ourselves, who hear of them with regretful sighs. But Portugal has made our hearts beat more quickly; its name comes to our lips as spontaneously as do the labels of Attica and Vallombrosa; and its hospitality—if the despatches are any fair criterion—sets one to dream of lands of milk and honey unending. To be precise, the hostels of Portugal have been ordered by a kindly government to serve wine free of charge "upon request." The gallant foot-made vintages of the land are so abundant this year that the vats themselves are overcrowded. For even a good claret there is no room; and it is rumored that very passable port is being used to irrigate vegetable gardens. What better way out, therefore, than to order mine host to answer any good man's wish? It is likely enough that Sir John Falstaff would have lacked appreciation of such a land as Portugal—he never paid his bills anyhow. But we, who seek in vain for a good bottle at a fabulous price, might do well meanwhile to praise the tact and discernment of the Portuguese.

FACING THE EAST

INCIDENTS so grave in their import and so chaotic of outline have figured in the Far Eastern drama during the past week that no American, however little inclined to think about circumstances remote from his own country, is likely to ignore them. For this reason it seems desirable to review here as briefly and realistically as possible the history so far made by the belligerents. Of course not everything can be set forth, far less explained. It is the grandiose, formless, disquieting epic of modern Asia which is being focused at one point: the battleground which extends some miles north and west of Shanghai. The trade ambitions of Europe and America are involved; the territorial (or rather "sphere of influence") hopes of Japan and Russia are in conflict with a steadily more self-conscious Chinese nationalism; the scope of international treaties and precedents—from the "open door" policy to the Kellogg treaties and the League covenant—is, more or less, under process of definition.

Essentially the situation presents an international triangle of extraordinary dimensions. First of all, the Sino-Japanese disturbances. These began in Manchuria and for two different reasons: (a) the maneuvers of certain Chinese generals, especially Chang Cho-lin, which resulted in forcing the thitherto prosperous farmers of the province to sell their products to a government syndicate, which then paid in worthless paper money and pocketed the specie obtained from abroad, with the result that huge crops of soy beans, rice and other produce brought the husbandmen nothing but a fantastic accumulation of unredeemable currency; (b) Japanese resolve, in the face of a growing Chinese disposition to boycott Nippon goods and likewise in the face of radical disagreements between the Western powers, to force their neighbors to accept at least the 21 "Resolutions" of 1915, which the government of the United States succeeded in declaring null and void during 1922. Partly under cover of these demands and partly as a result of natural developments, Japanese action in Manchuria has now proceeded so far that the province is under Tokio's thumb to even a greater degree than Upper Mongolia recognizes Russian hegemony. To what extent the mikado's statesmen will ultimately push their claims in these provinces is entirely a matter for conjecture.

The battle at Shanghai is connected quite loosely with the Manchurian adventure. It was no open secret that, in their effort to smash the boycott organized with astonishing skill by "Young China," the Japanese were prepared to seize a number of seaports. Nevertheless the trend of events in the city at the mouth of the Whangpoo was probably unexpected by Tokio and seems in a measure to have been precipitated by the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army. The stubborn resistance offered to even the mikado's regular infantry indicates the extent to which Asia has learned the modern art of war. Indeed, if reports are trustworthy, the endurance of the troops defending Woosung and Kiangwan compares favorably with the valor of first-rate European fighting units. On the other hand, the Japanese have undertaken no major military operation. In view of the difficulties of the terrain and the small forces employed, the maneuvers executed by General Uyada and others resemble the operations of American marines against guerrilla fighters in Nicaragua. From the military point of view, Japan is a major power while China, as the result of revolutions in series, is much like Mexico since Obregon's time. The second country would be no easy mark for United States soldiers; China will give the Japanese, if they persist in fighting, a deal of trouble.

The second part of the triangle is formed by general Asiatic relations. It is taken for granted by most European observers—see for instance a good article

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by Dr. Hans Penzel in *Hochland*—that a tacit agreement exists between Russia and Japan to regard China as a country destined to be broken up into provinces. Chinese Turkestan is already under Soviet control, and Moscow has its fingers on not a few districts rich in natural wealth. The existing situation in Mongolia has already been noted. If Japan carries through its program of isolating Manchuria and subjugating it, Russian policies are therewith underwritten. Incidental to these developments is the growth of Bolshevist sentiment in China. On this subject, a Catholic missionary, Father Schmitz of the Society of the Divine Word, has written an interesting and enlightening brochure. After outlining the grandiose efforts made to popularize Sovietism among the Chinese, he describes the difficulties which this propaganda effort encounters. The first is the fact that no class-conscious labor group exists in China. Characteristic modern antitheses of employer-employee are hardly to be found excepting in districts where the influence of foreigners is strong. On the other hand, the Chinese farmer, especially under conditions such as those which have prevailed recently in Manchuria, is quite open to Communistic suggestion. Father Schmitz thinks that Soviet agents will therefore concentrate more and more attention on the rural districts.

The third part of the story has to do with conflicting European-American views of the conflict. To the dearth of harmony among the great powers may be traced not a little of the ineffectualness of League and other protests. That Great Britain will profit by any conflict involving the real energies of Japan is quite generally admitted. Much of the competition so disastrous to English textile industries has its root in steadily increasing Japanese invasion of Asiatic markets. Already aided in selling by the decline of the pound, London industrialists may rightly see in the present embroglio a fair chance to recover lost ground. For their part, the French are naturally not averse to action which diverts Asiatic attention from Indo-China and so not inclined to press charges against Tokio. Conditions round about Tonkin have recently caused a great deal of concern; and such analyses of the problem as that written for *Le Correspondant,* of Paris, by Arnaud de Voguë merit the attention of those who wish to understand the ins and outs of our chaotic world. Commercially speaking, Germany has been the heaviest loser of trade. This is because her associations with Japan and Manchuria have been among the most profitable of her post-war efforts. Diplomatically speaking, however, Germany is too weak to have noticeable influence on the trend of Far Eastern events. There remains the attitude of the United States, surely the most difficult to reconcile with events.

There are good reasons why this country should oppose Japanese expansion. To begin with, the Pacific is an important area of American enterprise. Radiating to Hawaii, the Philippines and elsewhere, short-lived imperialistic advance dedicated the Washington government to political experiments and to protectorates. In almost every instance, the goals striven for ran counter to more or less openly formulated Japanese plans. Primarily China was a veritable bone of contention. Whereas Washington beheld the great lands about Shanghai, Peiping and Mukden as legitimate fields for commercial exploitation, economically less prosperous Tokio sought opportunities to establish its hegemony in this and the other district. The "open door" was a rule for the whole Pacific area which the mikado's statesmen were never able to accept. For a time—the years following the World War—Japan apparently acquiesced in the American idea. It accepted the ruling of the Washington Conference, subscribed to the principles of the League of Nations and signed the Kellogg Pact.

That this acquiescence should have changed to relatively open defiance is a fact which clouds the outlook of the United States very considerably. While the foreign affairs policy of the Harding and Coolidge régimes was largely governed by European considerations, a careful watch was also kept on developments in Latin America and the East. In so far as the Hispanic countries are concerned, the drift of history has already obliged Mr. Stimson to sketch a program differing in several respects from antecedent tradition. Are we on the verge of a similar shift on Asiatic matters? Washington might challenge the might of Japan by risking a threat of war—which is unthinkable. Again, it could decide to abandon the whole idea for which Dewey fought and Mr. Root struggled; and already a tendency to discard the Philippines and to regard Hawaii as a useless possession has made headway. Still better, a decision to fight the thing out as a violation of an international code might again bring the actual leadership of the League of Nations to America. Japan, as an offender against covenant and pact, could be brought to terms by means of a stiff boycott. Such a step would be easier if the European powers were in sincere agreement. As things are now, Washington must find such an action exceedingly precarious. It would establish a precedent of our national solidarity with the League; it would enlist the friendship of nobody in Nippon. Accordingly there are those who, feeling that none of these measures would be adequate, are wondering if a complete revision of American policy in the Far East may not be called for. Does rapidly altering history suggest that willingness to assent to Japan's imperialistic schemes may be dictated by the very structure of contemporary Asia? That is an interesting query which we cannot answer. But certainly the point at issue is not whether the United States will try to force Tokio to abide by covenant and pact. It is simply whether the United States will feel so committed to its traditional Pacific policy as to resist with force—economic possibly rather than military—Japan's rebellion against that policy. Mr. Stimson's attitude will unquestionably possess historical significance.

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RELIEF FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

By I. MAURICE WORMSER

That the depression is with us need hardly be said. But the circumstance that many millions of people are out of work, that their spare savings have dwindled to the vanishing point or near it, is still not grasped by public opinion. We mean: the phenomena of need and suffering have not yet stirred the nation's conscience to the extent which the last war aroused it. The following paper, by a well-known jurist, is an attempt not merely to concentrate attention on the most formidable of current issues but also to speak in behalf of a solution which is deemed by the author to be feasible.—The Editors.

IN MARC CONNELLY'S delightful play, "The Green Pastures," Noah says to God: "Yes, suh, dis use' to be a nice, decent community. I been doin' my best to preach de Word, but seems like every time I preach, de place jest goes a little mo' to de dogs. De good Lawd only knows what's gonter happen." God then reveals Himself to Noah as darkness falls, followed by a crash of lightning and a roll of thunder, and says: "I am your Lawd. I am a God of wrath and vengeance an' dat's why I'm gonter destroy dis worl'."

I do not believe, of course, that the Lord is "gonter destroy dis worl'." But I do believe that this Western world soon will destroy itself unless something be done speedily to alleviate present-day unemployment conditions. The appropriation of $20,000,000 by the State of New York is as foolish as trying to put out a city conflagration with a garden hose. It exhibits a lamentable lack of vision. Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of America, has said: "The $20,000,000 relief program of Governor Roosevelt for New York State will not go very far when between 1,250,000 and 1,500,000 are unemployed in New York State." So also, the application by the City of New York of substantially the same sum to relieve 750,000 of the unemployed in New York City, is a sample of the "juggling in high places."

The easy isolation of the lives of most of us within the safe confines of our own selfish well-being will prove to be not only bad morals and bad religion, but also excessively bad business. We must look things squarely in the face. My suggestion, made nearly a year ago, is that there shall be a bond issue of the United States of not less than $5,000,000,000. We issued bonds during the World War for the benefit of Belgian babies. Why not issue a few now for the benefit of the babies of the United States? We issued bonds during the World War for shrapnel, dreadnaughts, poison gas and dynamite; why not issue a few now to provide bread and butter to feed starving men and women, for there are such—"stand-pat" senatorial sneers notwithstanding—and to provide shelter for the homeless? It is better to place a chattel mortgage on the future than to impress the seal of bankruptcy on the present.

In "Frankenstein, Incorporated," I stated there are over 5,000,000 able-bodied men out of work. Father Ryan testified before the La Follette Sub-committee studying economic conditions, that there are between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 unemployed, and that the resultant annual salary loss is $10,000,000,000.

The situation is a "national calamity," and the callous indifference to suffering exhibited by those in the high places is appalling. The relief must come from the federal government. It must take the form of a bond issue for the purpose of immediately giving employment to the unemployed on public improvements and work of one nature or another. It would bring out hoarded funds. Stuart Chase states that "the blue-prints for the useful expenditure of huge sums are already in the files of the federal engineers, and work may be started any day without waste or lost motion." In the program for public works, which would bring employment, directly or indirectly, to practically all of the unemployed, I would include school construction, road improvement, the elimination of all railroad grade-crossings, necessary public buildings, Mississippi flood control, reforestation, the improvement of river and lake navigation, slum clearance, and the building and maintenance, above all else, of great parks and recreational centers, so that the children of today may be given the same chance to enjoy life that you and I had twenty-five to fifty years ago. What, also, about constructing systems to take care of the overflow of our great reservoirs, for use in days of water famine? What, also, about meeting and solving the problem of sewage disposal which makes bathing in the public waters about our great cities a menace to health and even to life?

Above all, though, I would emphasize the irreparable injury which lack of nutrition and proper recreation is inflicting upon the young. We should aid the young, for through them alone may real advancement be achieved. We may never "catch an echo of the infinite, a glimpse of its unfathomable process, a hint of the universal law." But my hope is that our children may. Our present conditions, unless remedied, will inflict the gravest wrong upon these "most innocent victims," to employ the apt phrase of Pope Pius XI.

Ex-Governor Smith, to his great credit, recently squarely took the stand that relief for the unemployed is the most serious problem before the country, and that an effective remedy can be found in a federal bond issue. The country, he said, is not on a peace-time basis. "You have got to say that we are in a state of war—war against unemployment, malnutrition and the disease and the suffering that grow from it." He added: "We need a federal public works administrator

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clothed with that plenary power we gave to men during war time, to carry this war on, to cut through, slash, tear out the red tape that is occasioned in the ordinary peace-time conduct of government."

This is the sound social point of view. If the riches, even the blood, of the nation were poured out to destroy life and property fifteen years ago, who can reasonably find fault with employing the credit of this great nation for the purpose of safeguarding the health, happiness, even the lives, of the vast army of the workless?

In an emergency extreme measures are necessary. When there was a lack of housing following the suspension of all construction activities during the World War, the New York State Legislature enacted the Emergency Rent legislation which prevented landlords from securing possession even of their own properties, and permitted the tenant to remain in possession upon payment of a fair and reasonable rent. This avoided widespread suffering and grave hardship. These laws were sustained by the highest courts of both the state and the nation.

Economic law alone cannot be permitted to dictate what we shall do. In an emergency the social responsibility of the nation must be heeded. Not for a moment, however, do I concede that government relief taking the form of a bond issue for the unemployed and their dependents will violate any law of economics or of public policy. To the contrary, it seems to me that such a bond issue would be one of the most valuable steps in the process of reconstruction. Incidentally, it would serve to solve possibly a most important social problem of our era, the frightful conditions incidental to the congested slum districts in our great cities. In a word, you kill two birds with one stone.

In the last article which Woodrow Wilson wrote, entitled, "The Road Away from Revolution," printed in August, 1923, he said that our age is "blindly feeling after its reaction against what it deems the too great selfishness of the capitalistic system." And he summed up the whole matter in this phrase: "Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually." That, too, is my philosophy. It seems perfectly clear to me that under modern conditions we must be our brothers' keepers. We cannot disown responsibility. We must help the poor and the downtrodden to carry on. A bond issue for the purpose I have indicated is essential to an efficacious solution. Thus can the menace of extreme radicalism be exorcized and grave shadows lifted from the path ahead.

THE NEW SPANISH REPUBLIC

By WILLIAM F. MONTAVON

THE PASTORAL letter issued jointly by the cardinals, archbishops and bishops of Spain on New Year's day is a dignified document, moderate in tone and, above all, injects a little hopefulness, even a note of optimism, into the leaderless confusion which followed the election of Niceto Alcalá Zamora as the first President, and the organization of the Azaña Cabinet as the first responsible head, of the permanent government of the Spanish Republic. I can think of no term more just or more adequate than "leaderless confusion" with which to describe the actual political situation in Spain.

That Niceto Alcalá Zamora has not the gifts of personality, of courage or of devotion to any lofty ideal, which would qualify him for leadership, has been apparent throughout the history of the Constituent Cortes. He was completely off his guard, visiting in the country, when Article One of the constitution was enacted. Rushing back to Madrid he found that a Radical Socialist had injected into that article the philosophy of proletarianism by embodying the declaration that the new republic is a republic of workers. Evidently Zamora had not understood the men with whom he was coöperating and was utterly unprepared to cope with the intrigue which was at work in the committee entrusted with the drafting of the constitution. Hailed by his admirers as a notable victory, the success of Zamora in injecting the words "of all classes," so that the Spanish Republic is constitutionally declared in Article One, as finally adopted, to be a "republic of workers of all classes," was only a graceful admission of his powerlessness to oppose the forces of radicalism.

The leadership of Zamora was again successfully challenged in the voting of the constitutional article on property. His defeat was complete on the fateful night of October 13 when Azaña, by his eloquent appeal to anticlericalism, united the opposition, carried the antichurch clauses with an overwhelming vote, drove Zamora out of the Cabinet and the Presidency, reduced him to the humble position of head of a miserable minority group of twenty in the Cortes, and made himself the President of the Council of Government.

Attempting to steer a middle course between the philosophy of his Catalonian supporters, the Syndicalists of Barcelona, and that of his coreligionists, the Catholics of the Basque provinces and of the Agrarian party, Zamora has met the inevitable fate of inconsistency in politics. It is precisely because of the colorlessness of his personality that he has been selected first President of the Republic by a Cortes hopelessly split into a dozen factions among which there is no leader around whose standard a majority vote could be rallied.

The temporary eclipse of Alejandro Lerroux by Azaña as leader of the Republican Alliance prevented the Socialist party from gaining control of the new Cabinet, but did not prevent them from abandoning the

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Ministry of Finance when responsibility for failure was becoming embarrassing, or from placing one of their own at the head of the Ministry of Public Works where they will be entrusted with the expenditure of important appropriations, or at the head of the Ministry of Labor where they will control the distribution of patronage and be in a position to shape legislation.

The surrender of these important ministries to his Socialist opponents was not the only sacrifice which Azaña was forced to make in organizing his Cabinet. The new Minister of Finance, Carner, a conservative from Catalonia, the stronghold of Syndicalism, is an attorney of high standing, a man of ability and integrity who inspires confidence, but who has no great political backing in his home province, and who will find it difficult to win political backing among the financial and industrial interests of Spain. The appointment of Professor Zulueta to the Ministry of Foreign Relations adds no strength to the government and is a direct slap in the face of the Catholics of Spain. Professor Zulueta had been nominated by the Provisional Government to be diplomatic representative at the Holy See, but his anticlerical record made him unacceptable, and his nomination was rejected by the Holy See.

Disgusted with his own elimination from the Cabinet, where he had been Minister of Foreign Relations, Alejandro Lerroux had assumed a position of open opposition to the Azaña government. The Republican Alliance, in which the Radical Republicans were the largest and most disciplined group, made the election of Azaña possible. This alliance no longer exists. Its membership, especially the Radical Republicans, has rallied in great numbers to Lerroux, in opposition to Azaña.

Thus, two formidable opposition blocs, the Socialists and the Radical Republicans, both well organized and disciplined, with competent leadership, have already arisen to plague the first government of the republic. If the demand of the Socialists is heeded and the Constituent Cortes continues to sit as an ordinary legislature, it seems impossible that the Azaña government can long survive.

The logical step would seem to be the dissolution of the Constituent Cortes, with provisions for the early holding of general elections to select a new Cortes to serve as the regular legislature of the republic. This step is not easy. The Constituent Cortes has pledged itself to the enactment of a long list of enabling laws. Socialists and other groups demand that these pledges be respected. To dissolve the Cortes before the enabling laws are enacted might plunge Spain into civil war. Certainly leaderless confusion is a term that with justice can be applied to this situation.

The pastoral letter issued by the bishops of Spain on New Year's day is the second to be issued by the bishops defining the attitude of Spanish Catholics toward the new republic. The first statement was in the form of a petition to the Constituent Cortes. Conditions not being identical in all parts of Spain, each ecclesiastical province drafted its own petition to the Cortes embodying in it, however, all the points upon which there was common agreement.

In this petition, presented to the Cortes the day on which the draft of the constitution was made public, the bishops of Spain expressed their attitude toward the republic in the following language:

> We, the undersigned prelates, placed by God over the spiritual destinies of our dioceses, fulfilling an imperative duty, in this solemn hour of history in which you are meeting to organize the new régime, give public testimony of our respectful submission, and of our desire that, in a spirit of harmony and serenity, all interests and every vital force be taken into consideration in order that the foundation may be solidly laid for the great edifice you are to erect, making it one in which the greatest possible number of our own countrymen may dwell as in their own home.
>
> When in the name of God the Church teaches obedience to the powers of this earth, she makes no distinction between particular forms which these assume influenced by changing conditions of time and men. Our holy Church, in her dogmas, in her moral teachings, in her discipline and in the organization of her hierarchy, is such that she admirably satisfies every need of the individual and at the same time and just as admirably accommodates and adjusts herself to every form of civil and political government, each one of which in itself may be good and as legitimate as any other.
>
> Our respectful submission at this time to the new régime, together with our reason for making it, which we unhesitatingly state, proclaims with luminous eloquence the fact that the Church is not, that the Church cannot be, because of her very constitution, the enemy of the State as such nor of any régime which is just and acts justly.

Discussing the new constitution, the bishops declare that the Church does not seek to suppress, and has no way of supressing, the liberty either of the individual or of the people. They ask only that in any legislation affecting the relations of Church and State the rights of both be respected.

In the new constitution the bishops find the seeds of conflict. They look with dismay and misgiving on the

> plans and projects already before you which, destroying the harmony between the civil and ecclesiastical powers, emancipate the State from all religion, and instead of separating the State from the Church, make the State superior to the Church.

These constitutional provisions as submitted to the Cortes are strangely out of line with other modern constitutions, notably with the constitution of Weimar which loses none of its advanced and progressive character by respecting the Catholicism of German citizens. The constitutions of the republics of southeastern Europe conserve the ancient traditions of their peoples.

To enforce the religious clauses of the constitution as drafted would reverse the current of the national history; establish a complete change, if adopted, in the life of the nation, "denying traditions that have endured for centuries and have inspired and shaped the soul of the nation."

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Even more deplorable is the proposal to prescribe an exclusively laical education under a state monopoly.

> The Church is not opposed to the uplifting of the popular masses through education; the Church does not oppose selective vocational education so long as the rights of parents are respected.

The bishops express the hope that in regulating marriage nothing be done to destroy the high standards of family morality always maintained in Spain.

In defense of the religious orders the bishops ask:

> Why should we Spaniards, who owe so much to the orders, refuse to treat them with at least as much generosity as they are treated even in Protestant countries? Why, at a time when there are not enough schools for the children of the people, do you drive out these million little ones who are being educated by the devoted, self-sacrificing members of the religious orders of men and women, in most cases without any help from the State? Where will there be found men and women to replace these religious who now are nursing the sick and caring for the afflicted in more than two hundred hospitals? . . . The members of the religious orders are citizens, they have the same rights as other citizens [and to subject them to confiscatory regulations would be to condemn them to a most unjust persecution].

With regard to the Concordat with the Holy See the bishops point out that Article 45 of the Concordat of 1851, still in force, provides for the amendment of its provisions, and they appeal to the Republican Cortes to avoid unilateral action in this matter which can be satisfactorily settled only by bilateral negotiations and mutual agreement.

The bishops accept the labor clauses of the constitution as drafted and express their willingness to coöperate in making them effective.

In concluding, the bishops declare:

> We speak the mind of the vast majority of Spaniards when we say that our only desire is that civil authority receive all the respect and all the obedience due it, and that the liberty of the Church be respected. May every law so coördinate liberty with authority that the two powers may labor together in their united effort for the good of the republic.

Arriving in Madrid, September 14, 1931, I was accredited as a special foreign correspondent and remained in close touch with the Constituent Cortes until after the voting of the constitutional articles affecting the Church, religion, the religious orders and education.

From the beginning the Provisional Government had publicly announced the intention to respect all the international engagements contracted by the Spanish monarchy. The relations between Church and State were regulated by the Concordat of 1851. Mr. Zamora, as President of the Council of Government, and Mr. Lerroux, as Minister of Foreign Relations, assured the Apostolic Nuncio at Madrid, Archbishop Federico Tedeschini, that the Concordat would be respected.

When the draft of the new constitution was made public, the Apostolic Nuncio drew attention to the fact that some of the provisions were in strange disagreement with the assurances he had received. Informally, though none the less emphatically, President Zamora and Minister Lerroux assured the Holy See and publicly stated that they would be able to prevent the final enactment of these clauses in the unacceptable form in which they had been introduced.

When Article 3 of Title One of the constitution, disestablishing the Catholic Church, came up for discussion, Zamora put through the Cortes a motion postponing the discussion of Article 3 until the discussion of the whole religious question was before the Cortes. This easy victory was hailed in some Catholic circles as evidence that, in the end, the anticlericals would abandon their extreme position and make allowance for the negotiation of a new Concordat. When, however, Zamora was challenged, brutally but successsfully, by the committee in charge of the defense of the article on property, the Catholics in the Cortes realized the weakness of the assurances they had accepted.

It was too late then to marshal the national opposition. The discussion beginning October 5 was heated, at times it was violent. Zamora made an eloquent plea for moderation, demanding that the existing Concordat be respected. As Minister Lerroux was at Geneva, he took no part in the debate. At the all-night session of October 13, Article 3, disestablishing the Catholic Church, and Article 24, regulating churches and religious orders, were approved by a majority vote.

The experiences of that fateful night in the Spanish Cortes are still a vivid memory. Meeting at half past four Monday afternoon, October 13, the Cortes went into continuous session at eleven o'clock and remained in session until the final vote was taken at seven thirty-five Tuesday morning. When the final vote was announced and it was found that the anticlericals had won by a vote of 159 to 57, it was as if bedlam had broken loose. The Catholic Agrarians and delegates from the Basque provinces marched solemnly out of the Cortes, protesting that in conscience they could not coöperate with a body bent on destroying their religion. The victorious majority swarmed into the center of the hall screaming and challenging the Catholics as traitors. Several Basque delegates returned to answer the challenge. A fist fight ensued, of which Mr. Leyzaola, a Basque delegate, was the victim. Regaining his feet, Leyzaola marched to his seat in the center of the Chamber; shouting the battle-cry of his people he demanded an apology, which was promptly made by the presiding officer. The Catholics withdrew, reserving their right to return, but they have not yet returned.

Article 3, as enacted, disestablishes the Catholic religion as the official religion of the State, and prohibits the State from supporting the Church. Thus the Cortes repudiated the Concordat and flagrantly violated the international agreement which the Government Council had given formal assurances would be respected. My conversations with Catholic authorities in Spain con-

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vince me that they were prepared to agree to a Concordat which would have satisfied the demand for legal separation of Church and State and would have proved acceptable to all Spaniards. By its own violent act the Cortes has plunged Spain into a conflict as useless and as unnecessary as it is dangerous.

Certain correspondents interpreted Article 3 as providing for separation of Church and State. That, in voting this Article, the Cortes had no intention of separating Church and State should have been evident to any trained observer, and was confirmed by the enactment of Article 24 at the same session. This Article relates to churches and to religious orders. It recognizes the Church only as an association; it refuses to guarantee to the Church, as an association, rights granted by the constitution to other associations, and provides for a special law of associations, to be enacted by the Constituent Cortes before its adjournment, to which churches are to be subject. Thus the republic asserts its right to legislate in matters affecting the internal organization and discipline of the Church, and formally rejects the demand for separation of Church and State. Indeed, in only a single clause of the constitution did the Cortes recognize specifically any right as belonging to the Church:

> Churches are recognized as having the right to teach their own doctrines under government supervision in their own establishments.

With this one exception the Church, in the new constitution of the Spanish Republic, is not specifically recognized as having any rights at all.

The remainder of Article 24 refers to religious orders. The Jesuits are suppressed and their properties are nationalized. Religious orders are to be subject to a special law to be enacted by the Constituent Cortes. Under this law no religious order engaging in any industry or in any educational work, is to be permitted in Spain. Religious orders may engage in hospital and benevolent work generally, but must account annually to the State for all income and submit evidence to prove that the same has been faithfully applied to the ends for which the order has been authorized.

To understand this drastic suppression of religious orders one must know not only the ugly history of legislation affecting religious orders in Spain since the first decade of the last century, one must know not only the facts concerning what by some is held to be the excessive growth of religious orders in Spain, but one must especially know and understand the laicism of such men as Marcelino Domingo, Melquiades Alvarez, and others who are powerful in the new Spanish Republic. These advocates of laicism are bent on driving religion out of all educational and benevolent enterprises. They are not numerous enough in the Cortes to inject their whole program into the Republican constitution.

With the support of anticlericals and radicals they have been able to deliver a heavy blow to religious orders, to the Catholic schools and to the Church. The educational article as finally enacted does not, however, give a monoply to the State. Its provisions are vague. No mention is made of liberty of education. Mr. Miguel Maura, Minister of Government, expressed the belief that, as worded, the clause is broad enough to permit the establishment of Catholic schools in which religion may be taught but in which the teachers would have to be laymen or laywomen.

When we look toward the future and seek some ground for a prediction as to how long the republic can last, we are confronted first with the fact that in the Republican government there is no cohesion. The Azaña Cabinet represents a coalition which has already begun to disintegrate. With a Cortes whose membership is split up into twenty-five parties, no Cabinet can expect to endure for long. Nor can this unwieldy body be dissolved to make way for new elections which might result in a more cohesive Cortes.

The Syndicalists are not satisfied. They are essentially revolutionary. Strikes, local and general, even rioting, are their methods. They have greater strength in the country than is indicated by their membership in the Cortes. There is always a possibility of their provoking a counter-revolution.

The Catholics are dissatisfied. They feel that they were cheated at the June elections. Certainly their strength in the Cortes is not in proportion to the number of their adherents. They have pledged themselves to peaceful methods and can be relied on to live up to their pledge. In a fair election they would doubtless increase their strength in the government. There is little reason to believe that a fair election will occur in the early future.

It is a dark picture. The Spanish people are, by nature, not an organizing people. They are not easily led, nor is competent leadership at hand. It is altogether probable that the immediate future will witness further disintegration, social convulsions of more or less serious proportions, until leadership develops and political organization is effected on a scale greater than has ever seemed possible in Spain.

On Reading the "Vita Nuova"

(Rossetti's Translation)

Of his high song the vision and the flame
Are here enshrined; if any perisheth,
If of some soul the echo still is "death!"
Read here, and be assoiled of mortal shame
Or anything that can attaint fair blame,
The while your heart in sorrow wondereth,
Kin to immortal and yet mortal breath,
Whereas ye ponder on this heavenly dame.

Oh, poet of the dawn! whose waking cry
Shed light and love o'er all this heavy sphere,
The centuries but reawake the sigh
That from thy gentle breast upspringeth here:
When love is cold this miracle shall move
Men still to say, "Here lives the life of love!"

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

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THE FAITH OF DR. MORE

By FRANCIS BURKE

WHAT may Plato say of Christ?

There was an old priest who used to pray, each morning and evening, for the repose of the soul of Vergil. With a like faith and tenderness, there are those who trust that the soul of Plato now lives of the light and love of Christ the Logos. One thinks how the multitudinous glory of Platonic utterance, which we read with more than mortal wistfulness, has been lost and perfected divinely in "O" and "Ah!" and silence.

Yet mortal Platonism is still with us on the earth; it is in the universities and in the preoccupations of thoughtful America. It turns its eyes toward Princeton, and it is compelled to acknowledge the stature of Dr. Paul Elmer More. His humanist Platonism is forming a religious mentality to which Catholic spokesmen must soon address themselves. It will not do to stop at Platonist belles-lettres. With the appearance of Dr. More's recent book, someone must utterly forget the human for the deeper Platonism, and go religiously to meet a very important religious issue.

Dr. More is a Platonist, but he is not merely that. Beholden to his studies in the Vedanta as well, experienced in a very large stretch of religious and literary texts, stimulated by the intuitionist thought of contemporary Europe, and passingly preoccupied with values and cultures and social questions, Dr. More stands up, prophetic in the chaos where we are, to profess, in the name of a dualist Platonism, his unequivocal faith in Jesus Christ the Logos Incarnate. And this is what Dr. More has to say ("The Religion of Plato," pages vi-vii):

> My belief is that Greek literature, philosophic and religious, pagan and Christian, from Plato to Saint Chrysostom and beyond that to the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D., is essentially a unit and follows at the center a straight line. This body of thought I call the Greek tradition. . . . Christianity, notwithstanding its importation of a powerful foreign element into the tradition, and despite the disturbance of its metaphysical theology, was the true heir and developer of Platonism. . . . It is this tradition, Platonic and Christian at the center, this realization of an immaterial life, once felt by the Greek soul and wrought into the texture of the Greek language, that lies behind all our Western philosophy and religion. Without it, so far as I can see, we should have remained barbarians; and losing it, so far as I can see, we are in peril of sinking back into barbarism.

It were a long and solemn litany, after this, to piece together Dr. More's acts of faith in the Incarnate Logos. For their articles, however, I select an undisturbed and comprehensive formula from the first chapter of the volume called "Christ the Word" (pages 17-18):

> After many excursions in the broad lands of Christian literature, one may come back to the untutored words of the Apostolic Fathers as perhaps the best witness to the mission of the Church as an organization. Here is life, and here in germ is all that is needed of theology: belief in an all-creating bountiful God, Who revealed His will through the prophets of old, and now by a special act of mercy has manifested Himself in His Son; belief in the Holy Ghost as the Spirit of the Father and the Son communing with the spirit of man; belief in the divine law as exemplified in the character of Jesus; in the hope of life and glory as secured by the Resurrection; in the Eucharist as the mystical sign and instrument of the redemption of the flesh; in the Church as the body of the Lord and a chosen people; in the bishops as the appointed channel of sacramental grace and as the authentic bearers of the tradition. Vast treasures of philosophy are to be expended on the myth of the Incarnation [Dr. More uses the word "myth" in his own peculiar sense, not necessarily invidious] as the central fact of this faith; but nothing of essential importance will be added. . . .

This is the expanse of faith and thought which Dr. More has just completed with "The Catholic Faith." The tone and emphasis of this, the omissions too, make it spiritual beyond all his other books. Sociology and aesthetics are left to the "Shelburne Essays." Two of Dr. More's fundamental Socratic theses, those upon scepticism and the knowledge-virtue equation, are silent awhile that the Socratic spiritual affirmation may rule the discourse. The concern for humanist check and moderation is lessened, and room is freer for the measurelessness of religious love. The kenotic interpretation of Christ's mortal life, so painful a few years back, is little in evidence; although in the paragraphs upon the Holy Spirit a certain Macedonianism can still be discerned. And the study on Buddhism closes with lines like those Father Johanns is writing in India.

So Dr. More's series is closed. Dr. More understands well that he has closed disappointingly. His radiant pages upon the communion of saints, upon the mystery of the Crucifixion, will turn back the mere humanist who has followed him thus far; and the polemic on infallibility and inspiration, so curiously banal in the whole context of Dr. More's originality, and so distressingly unaffected by Catholic historical research, will rebuff many Catholics who had hoped that here too Dr. More's position would be modified. His study upon the Creeds presents some highly personal allegoric exegesis which cannot be reported without long and detailed criticism. The strong and profound essay on the Eucharistic Sacrament and Sacrifice, the supreme elevation of all Dr. More's achievement, is nevertheless marred by a forced antithesis between fact and figure. The essay upon the Church "authoritative, not absolute," is already familiar to Dr. More's readers

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from its publication in the *Criterion* of July, 1929; Dr. More himself considers it to be the heart of his book. With the closing essay upon Christian mysticism, which I shall call his "Purgatorio," Dr. More's long pilgrimage pauses at last. Topic by topic he has held to his promise. And yet—one is disappointed. Nor can I think that the Catholic disappointment herein is merely selfish.

For, in the first place, the situation has changed since Dr. More's plan was first drawn, has changed even since its last revision. It is quite true that Dr. More's whole thought takes up partial topics only, and is consciously touched with semi-finality. But it is none the less true that since 1927 he has become a school; his thought has now molded the religiosity of many who still demand of him something more, or failing that will take his semi-finalities absolutely.

Catholics, too, whose attention the very title challenges, have even a scholarly right to be treated in pages less deliberately restricted. These pages leave the impression of being Dr. More's whole view of Catholicity: whereas he has also written, in despite of a strong repugnance, his further admiration for other aspects of Latin Catholicity. The fact is, that if ever a book wanted its own introduction and explanation, this one does. It were indeed disquieting to think that anyone had attempted to dismiss the Catholic faith with these five chapter headings. For the Catholic faith involves tremendous topics which cannot be ultimately ignored. It has a challenge for Dr. More, more searching even than the one which he lays down. The Catholic faith involves the starting point of faith, to begin with; and that is something far more deep and wide than these selective assents to particular dogmas. The Catholic faith involves the Church's claim to be mystically integrated with the Word Incarnate, a claim which alone can sufficiently comment the claims to infallibility. The Catholic faith involves administrative laws and ethos at which Dr. More has not looked, magisterial procedures which he brusquely cuts short, and intimate devotional understandings which are the exclusive privilege of fealty.

That last clause may sound, to Catholics and humanists both, like the strangling of all further discussion. It may seem to take sides with that defeatist apostolate of Catholics who say, for instance, "Dr. More is there, and we are here, and that is an end of the matter." I am perfectly aware that we are here, that Dr. More seems to be over there, but I frankly refuse to think that that can be an end of the matter. Or if it is, then it cannot be the end of Catholic solicitude. And now, not necessarily to Dr. More, but to humanists at large, who may revolt at the notion that they are not perfectly capable of comprehending Catholicity from their present point of vantage, I must turn and speak a lesson in Catholic epistemology. I must say:

"It is true that you can begin with your present understanding, you can reason about the credentials of Catholic faith, you may humanly understand the propositions of Catholic faith, you may tell yourselves, *intelligo ut credam.* But in divine faith, in my Catholic faith, I seize those propositions in a fashion more than human. I seize them with will and mind, in the strength of a divine grace to which my sheer humanity gave me nor shadow of right nor title of mercy. And thereafter I walk in the way of Catholic truth, my mind delighting in all its implications. I walk in cool eternal colonnades, from which deep perspectives open out to me as they never opened to me before I walked there. Dear searchers in the weary round of merely human understanding, listen!—a Catholic's faith is both an act and an inheritance. And it is the inheritance of truth, of Catholic truth that cannot be intimately understood until in Catholicity you possess it. What you are now looking at, if you understand it otherwise than notionally, if you think you have scrutinized the depth of it, is not yet Catholicity. The intimate understanding of Catholicity, which is the real understanding of it, comes only after your act of Catholic faith, after your adherence, after your *credo ut intelligam.* . . . And let me say still more. I respect your distant admiration for the Church I love and live, but I must tell you that you have not yet mastered the reasons of the Catholic heart: you are only saying your *amo ut credam.* Something yet remains of love. There yet remains the Catholic's long love for his ancient truth and his old acceptance, love for the faith itself which the cross of life has measured and justified. What do you know of the Catholic *credo ut amem*?"

Let us go to the central issue. I mean the act of faith with which Dr. More accepts Christ, the Word Incarnate; for, after all, therein lies the misunderstanding. It is really because Dr. More identifies his own restricted Chalcedonian faith in Christ with the plenitude of the Catholic's faith, that he finds misfits and incommensurabilities between Christ and Catholicity. Now I wish to point out how Christ, in Catholic faith and Catholic understanding, has plenitudes beyond all that Dr. More has yet envisioned.

The difference between the act of Catholic faith and that of merely Christian faith is that the act of Catholic faith begins with or finishes upon the Catholic Church itself. And that is as it should be. If the Catholic Church is what it claims to be, the visible continuation of Christ, the visible pleroma of Christ, the visible mystical body of Christ, then my faith in the resurrected and living Christ is maimed, or is unreal, or is the ghost of a self-deception, unless I lay hold on Him in all the splendor of His present totality, unless I accept Him as He is, come to Him as He is, kiss the hem of His this-morning's garment, place my finger in the wounds of this morning's nails, and advance by this morning's light along today's measure of the Catholic road, worn deeper by each foot of all the yesterdays.

Now it is perfectly true, as all the theologians say, that my Catholic act of faith may start from Christ in His isolation. And then it will be perfectly true, as many of them forget to say, that my historic sorites

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which links Him across the years with Pius XI and this morning's Church militant must bear a force which is more than that of mere historic sequence: it must bear the stress and fire of my adhesion to the Christ of lonely splendor, of His call and acceptance of me; and it must take me with more than the strength of historic philology to the visible Christ in His body mystical, Whom I hold to with the same arms and the same heart, with the same act of faith, of love, of allegiance, with which I reached Him back across irrevocable springtimes. Christ dieth no more, the real Christ shall never be less than today's census of all the surceased and struggling saints.

And it is even more true, although Catholic theologians very seldom speak of it at all, but the Vatican Council taught it: that my act of faith may begin with Christ in His plenitude, rather than with Christ glimpsed back alone at the beginning of the Christian ages. My act of faith may start with the mystical Christ. I need not appeal to the historic miracles wrought on other men, to opened eyes which were not mine, to loaves broken when I was not hungry. I may turn, as the Vatican Council invites me, to the living Church who is part of the living Christ, and who at this moment, a sign to me and a portent rising over today's nations, is her own miracle, her own motive of credibility, her own undeniable testimony to her own continuance of His mission. For the Apostolic Church is also *Sent,* in her is also *Christ,* the *Anointed.*

I have not much inquired how others analyze their faith who like myself were baptized in infancy. But I think that all such of us may say that we did not come to the Church through Christ previously and better known; but through the Church previously known, and somehow loved and lived, we have come unto Christ Who mysteriously is the Church, mysteriously Himself and mysteriously we, and believed and loved in all His fulness with a single undivided embrace. We come to Him now as men came to Him in the beginning: directly, personally, humanly, immediately, concretely. We come to Him for light and warmth and strength and forgiveness. For water and bread and anointing and hearth and home. For Himself, and all that He is. For faith and hope and the power to love divinely. For access to the Father and the gift of the Spirit. For life and salvation and immortality. And this we do spontaneously and with homely assurance. Not that we were to the manner born, no one is. But we were reborn to it before our individual intellects awakened, reborn to it by grace and largess and the tender solicitudes of generations reborn before us. And though we talk easily and lightly of our reasonings and our strivings, we need but a moment's reflection to put all that in its proper context: we have never striven quite alone, we have never reasoned quite alone—but the Light which enlightens every man has shone in on us particularly, and the charity by which all things were made has forerun our every wistfulness: in these days and times not less, but more, than in the days of Pilate.

One might dig the whole thing deeper by saying that the Incarnational economy, although definitive from the first in its scope, in its revelation and in its power to save, is nevertheless a dispensation ordained to a growing realization, to fuller plenitudes of achievement. The coming of the Logos Incarnate begins a long process: of the "Logical" chastening of all mind and will, of the spiritual shaping of stubborn matter to a new, a redemptive, significance, of the beating down of human walls and the asserting definitive law over adverse principalities and powers. Something of this Dr. More partly means in those hushed and radiant passages wherein he speaks of the voice of the Divine Builder: Whom many "think they hear calling them to labor with Him in the execution of a great and difficult design." Something such, certainly, Saint Paul meant, in that canticle of increasing fulfilment which is also the Epistle to the Ephesians. The mustard-tree. The sign of the leaven. The mystical achievement of the redemptive work.

For surely it must be difficult even for a non-Catholic to think that the redeeming passage of the Incarnate God through the world of His creation has closed upon a memory: to think that the philosophy of history mounts to a narrow triennium of His misunderstood presence in a Roman procuratorial province, and then tumbles from degeneration to degeneration; to conceive that He came royal with a Kingdom of God which should ever after observe the law of entropy. If prophecy, though touched with forward hope, availed not for salvation, but He must appear in the flesh and only then came our salvation—how could memory, with all human expectancy dead, make us children of the promise? I think it was against some such misconception as this, stirring vaguely even in Hispanic thought, that De Lugo was protesting when he explained the act of faith: he was striving, too, by the mystical Christ to vindicate the faith of the simple, among whom as a theologian he ought himself to be.

Now this is *the thing* which the Catholic discovers himself believing, or which the adult convert embraces when he comes home at last. I should like to ask the reader here to pause and weigh once more what so far I have written: to see whether it rings true not only to Catholic understanding, but to Catholic ethos as well. What I have set down comes primarily out of the Vatican Council. But it comes also out of the inarticulate lives of our Catholic people, which is to say that it comes also out of the Catholic heart. It is not in the usual vein, the defensive and scriptural vein, of our Catholic spokesmen; but for the moment, that is none of my business. Let it suffice for the matter in hand that what has been here written down is properly and intrinsically and centrally and positively Catholic. It ushers one in upon the only ground from which he may say "Incomplete!" to the faith of Dr. More.

How Plato—the Plato of the Republic—would have died for ecstasy at the mystery of Christ mystical!

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WHY "EMASCULATED PLAINSONG"?

By STEPHEN CHARLES KEMENES

IN THE August 19, 1931, issue of THE COMMONWEAL, there appeared an interesting article entitled "Plainsong Only?". These lines are now being written several weeks later and four thousand miles away from New York. That distance in time and space alone would make it impracticable to attempt a detailed discussion of the several points stated or raised by Mr. Alastair Guinan, the author of the said paper. The writer of this feels the less inclined to such discussion as he feels sure that in some following issues of THE COMMONWEAL somebody physically nearer to the editor's chair will have made his pertinent remarks on the debatable points of the article, beating the transatlantic mails.

However, one phrase of the said paper, viz. singing the Gregorian melodies in the "thoroughly emasculated fashion" which has been "made—alas—too familiar by the work of a faction prominent among Gregorianists," deserves the attention of every student of liturgy and chant, be he in New York, "formerly attached to the musical staff of St. Patrick's Cathedral" (like Mr. Guinan), or on another continent, on an extended trip for liturgical and Gregorian studies (like the writer).

The purpose of these lines is naturally not a petty personal airing of one's subjective views about different schools and churches in Europe or America where one listened to several manners of Gregorian interpretation. Nor must one be so unfair as to compare a choir of baby girls with a community of Benedictine monks living for sacred liturgy, and to state "ex cathedra" that, for example, the choir of St. Titus's Chapel, Titusville, United States, often sings the Gregorian melodies in an emasculated fashion, whereas the Gregorian heard at the great Benedictine Abbey of St. Titus, near Titusville, France, is anything but emasculated.

My aim is quite different. It is both objective and practical. Foregoing all odious comparisons and petty personalities, I shall try to find out what seems to be the main reason why Gregorian melodies sung by some people sound so "thoroughly emasculated" and thus hardly "musical and liturgical." To find this main reason would be a great step forward, for a knowledge of the reasons conditioning one's shortcomings is—good-will supposed—half way to improvement.

Gregorian certainly ought to be, with all its softness and beauty, as strong and virile as the Word of God and His Church, for which it is but an artistic garment. That some Gregorian sounds emasculated is due I think, in most cases, to the too hazy realization of the fundamental truth that sacred music—and consequently real Gregorian chant—is principally intended *to clothe suitably the liturgical text.*

Nobody in Gregorian circles can deny this truth. It is too clearly stated in Pius X's "Motu Proprio on Sacred Music" that "the principal office [of sacred music] is to clothe with suitable melody the liturgical text proposed for the understanding of the faithful. . . ." But some theoretical lovers of plainsong seem to forget in their everyday practice this essential subordination of the "voice production" and "beautiful soft-flowing sounds" and what not to the "principal office" of liturgical chant, as defined by the Pope.

Now, let me analyze this "principal office" of sacred music. "To clothe" something is the expression used by Pope Pius X. Well, from the very idea of a garment flows immediately that the clothes are something very subordinate to the body they cover. One does not need to quote Gospel verses to prove how subordinate should be the worry about the garment in comparison with the care for the essentials. Common sense alone tells us the same thing.

And what is to be clothed with this garment of sacred music? Nothing less than "the liturgical text." And what is this liturgical text? Certainly the highest and greatest of texts on earth that Christians can imagine: the words of the Holy Ghost Himself or those of His Bride, our Mother Church. These words command the greatest, deepest, sincerest respect a man is able to feel and show. And because of this very respect the faithful tried to clothe the word as beautifully as they knew how in a master work of centuries. The master work is Gregorian chant, one of the three beautiful garments the faithful have woven to clothe their most precious word. In fact—and by canon law—this plainsong is the supreme model for all sacred music. Yet, beautiful and great as plainsong is, it essentially is, and must be, a garment to clothe the sacred text. And in the minute the church singer becomes forgetful of the substance, or this selfsame sacred text, in concentrating his love and care upon some secondary elaboration of the "garment," plainsong becomes very plain, indeed, and even if it remain some kind of music, it certainly ceases to be liturgical.

To speak in concrete terms, should somebody, for example, be satisfied with the good placement of two or three vowels, a pretty correct pitch, a mechanically precise counting of mechanically uniform times, a soft-flowing legato rendering of notes and a sweet voice, he falls far short of singing Gregorian—if he forget the fundamental fact that these elements of music are not sacred liturgical music, as long as they do not suitably clothe the divinely beautiful sacred text. To continue the Pope's simile of a "garment"—lace, possibly even precious pearls, sewed on a flimsy frock make a pretty dress for a young girl, but it is not a fitting gown for that "giant running to do God's own work," Gregorian chant.

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Let it be well understood that I do not object to the good placement of two or three vowels. Not at all! As a matter of fact, it is good to hear all five Roman Latin vowels as well placed as possible. Nor do I object to beautiful, cultivated—and especially also cultured—pleasant voices, softly flowing legato rendition. Oh no! They are precious pearls most fit to be interwoven into the gown of the word of God and the Church. One only wishes—in fact, demands in the name of common sense and on the strength of canon law—that the would-be Gregorianist always remember that, when actively participating in the divine service, he is not merely vocalizing or placing vowels or observing rudimentary rhythm or emulating the correct pitch of a tuning fork and the soft flow of a legato violin piece. He is doing all those things, and maybe a dozen things more. But all those things combined do not make sacred music as long as the sacred text is not given full justice.

Of course, this is meant qualifiedly. No human being, not even a lover of Gregorian, can ever do "full" justice to such a text as the words of the liturgy. But this impossibility of perfection does not excuse the would-be Gregorianist from practically neglecting the principal thing in all sacred music, viz., the sacred text. For an Offertory or a Credo or a Psalm, with the best voice production etc., is emphatically no Offertory or Credo or Psalm, if the text be neglected. It is almost a mystery how such self-evident truth can be overlooked. Nobody would dare take the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" and sing them to the notes of the Offertory, "Precatus est Moyses. . . ." Yet, by the vote of the American Congress, "The Star Spangled Banner" is a great song, in fact the American anthem; and by the vote of all Gregorianists the Offertory "Precatus est Moyses . . ." is a great song, too. But nobody would dream of singing the melody of one to the text of the other. Good voice production or bad voice production, everyone would condemn such absurdity. Yet one may hear—probably Mr. Guinan had heard—so-called Gregorian where the notes come in the exact sequence of a piece printed in the Gradual; a sort of elementary rhythm is observed, too, and the voices are quite nice, but nobody on earth, be he Irish-American, Dutch, German or Italian, can understand one word of the text. The text might be anything under the sun: the sublime battle-cry of the republic, a sweet Southern lullaby, or just the vowel, "oo." Such would-be Gregorianists' melodies probably are said by Mr. Guinan to be sung in the "emasculated fashion."

Whatever such silver-flute-imitating be musically, mere sounds without words are certainly not what is called in the Church's liturgy, plainchant. As repeatedly quoted, according to the quite clear dispositions of liturgical law, the chant simply must bring out the sacred text, it must bring the text nearer to "the understanding of the faithful." With sophistry, one may explain away many clear-cut orders of the Holy See and any other authority; but it must be a very "high" class of subtle sophistry, indeed, that could be satisfied with the un-understandable presentation of a text that is "proposed for understanding." If the faithful are in search of sound effects, let them attend a good theatre or listen to a better lark; but if they come to church to attend divine service, larks are strictly prohibited: the faithful have a sacred right that the sacred liturgical text be proposed for their understanding. If, over and above fulfilling its "principal office," the performance of the choir, from a musical viewpoint, too, equals or surpasses what a good theatre or a better lark can offer, the better for the choir and for the faithful. But the principal thing is—the sacred text.

This sacred text must be read well. What good reading, correct phrasing, intelligent diction mean, need not be explained. None of us would dream of addressing a bishop without our very best in good reading, correct phrasing, intelligent diction. If one, as the representative of the people of God, publicly addresses Divinity Itself, one certainly ought to pay some attention to the good reading, correct phrasing, intelligent delivery of that address, of which, incidentally, nearly every word is directly or indirectly Sacred Scripture. The language of that address is Latin, one of the greatest and most virile languages existing. If such great and virile language is used with an intelligent diction, in the justly due deep reverence toward the contents of the sacred text, there is no danger of a thoroughly—or even half-way, or even a little bit—emasculated plainsong. There will be real Gregorian chant. Imperfect as human beings are, its execution will ever remain more or less imperfect. Gregorianists of twelve years of age may console themselves that none of the fine old Benedictine monks of Solesmes in France, with whom the writer had the good luck and honor to speak, ever thought their own Gregorian chant wholly perfect. But, necessarily humanly imperfect as it ever will be, such plainsong will be real sacred music, "contributing to the decorum and the splendor of the ecclesiastical ceremonies," fulfilling its "principal office," viz., "to clothe with suitable melody the liturgical text proposed for the understanding of the faithful, its proper aim [being] to add greater efficacy to the text, in order that through it the faithful may be the more easily moved to devotion and better disposed for the reception of the fruits of grace belonging to the celebration of the most holy mysteries."

The Golden Mean

Our noblest doing is a field of corn,
Our dirtiest thinking is a slum new-born;
Even the varying heavens must feel it strange
That mortal thinking has such range.

Lord, if Thou doom us, gently strike a mean
Between our noblest and our most unclean,
And for our exile, till our minds are sweet,
Build us a town amid the wheat.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

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MASS AT PALMA

By ANNE RYAN

HIGH, strong from the sea, are the rocks of the coast, first rocks with their crescents of foam. From these, after a stretch of road, soar the walls of the city, but walls set against a rise of land, set like a bulwark. They enclosed forts. The Arab, crooked streets are in full view above. This was a city not afraid, a city standing on a headland with its tremendous strength beneath it. Phoenicians, Romans, the Moors, Templar Knights, and finally the glitter of Spain, are those walls. And the last conqueror, James I, musing in the window of the Walis palace, looking through the Moorish arches to the great plateau beyond, vowed a cathedral of victory to the Virgin of Palma—a cathedral which, rising sheer and visible, should be but a continuation of the walls, a continuation of defense, a fortress of God. There was to be no mistake about that fact of fortress, no mistake to the corsairs or any others who might steal with their frail, black sails on the morning rims of the outer bay. For that reason the side elevations of this cathedral differ: the south, facing the sea, presents an almost solid buttressed front of stone; the north is darker, more uneven, flatter, not so thick; the north contains the sheltered almonry door and the square bell-tower.

This cathedral is the purest example of the Gothic in Spain. It was begun in 1230 and finished 400 years later. From the sea it is reached by a broken flight of steps: first, four elevations, thirteen steps each, and then, from the levels of the lower gardens, at right angles, four more rise. It is at the foot of this last wide flight that a wonder commences; be it the height, the quivering mirrors of the water, or the sun and heat on the vast stone, but these actual and living walls seem to rise at each step, recede and rise. This is a moment when the exaltation of the heart is weighted in vain with facts, when through the haze of the sun the facts of dimension and proportion are focused, are steadied . . . but are lost. For relief this tremendous massiveness ends in dainty pinnacles which are better than the usual great, square Gothic towers; nothing could be stronger than the walls themselves, walls with their studding of points squat against the sky.

The three doors are of different periods; looking at them one is sure that one generation and another thought about them and thought also how every corner of this place could be embellished; its beauties rose first in the long night thoughts, rose singly in the night between two dreams. Perhaps some workman even had visions, superstitions, awe about it; certainly here remains seen, as in all great art, the clear and visible bridge, the everlasting fact, that thoughts are things.

The south door, facing the sea, is of the most florid Gothic; tympanum and arches are crowded with saints and the Virgin is standing low between the two studded entrances. She is very calm and expressionless, holding her Infant without any emotion: the beginning of Gothic decadence is here, the beginning of the loss of those vivid and contorted mediaeval gestures; simply a figure was made. On detail, the portal is seen to be unfinished, yet its fragments are curiously forever enough, it is as if we wanted no more phlegmatic images.

The west door is pure Renaissance and bears the date 1594. The stone is peculiarly painted a madder red, in contrast with the ochre façade. A shading of grey dust has settled on its garlands. Beneath a studded arch stands a Virgin in glory, with an intricate golden halo framing her bending head. She is alone there, but surrounded by symbols, set separately as one sets symbols on a banner, as though she must be permanently and naively reminded of the daily life of Mallorca. There is carved around her a well, something which was so important to these people on an island of stone, an island without streams; three trees, a palm tree, an olive tree and an almond; a little walled garden; a chapel exactly like those seen in the country; a doorway, a walled town, a tower, a fountain; and above her singly and with great detail, a star, a sun and the moon—all those things which were loved, those things which were either useful or which embellished. Garlanded Renaissance columns take the place of too many saints. The wood of the great actual portal is raisin-colored, the color of ancient iron, or exactly the color of turned earth under the olive trees.

The last door is the one used every day—the almonry door. It is entirely different from the other two. The square bell-tower juts out to make an angle against it; it is somber with cold shadows; there is never any sun here on the north side; beggars stretch their hands out in the white light. It is the only door flush with the wall; there is simply a shallow arch of grey stone, worn, fluted, and a square elevation above of Gothic tracery. But in that delicate arch there is one figure—nothing to distract, not an angel in sight, not another face, nor any symbol. She stands alone, without a veil, without a crown, rather plump, mediaeval, a Virgin in ecstacy, with her face raised, her hands clapsed lightly—quite ready to be borne away—but small and not magnificent at all. And yet she is the one who hears on the flags beneath her the crooked steps of the poor.

A stone vestibule is behind the push-leather door. Three broken steps go down to the floor of the cathedral. One is prepared for height. Fourteen slender grey columns rise into clouds of colored air; only the apse and one chapel have any low lighting, yet the single and triumphant windows higher up, no matter how dark the day, seem always to look out on their own vivid sunsets or to be wondrously filled with green wings or pale lakes, jasper or maize, or indigo or agate. The effect of this light and this space is a dwarfing; shadows in progressive and increasing gloom produce, as has always been produced in great temples, a feeling of littleness and helplessness—the very feeling which is sought in order more fully to rely upon a Presence.

There is no center choir but three spacious naves. A few narrow benches face the side chapels, and before the high altar is a small bank of pews. People are coming in for high Mass. Coming and going, pallid Spanish ladies walk past these seats, they would not dream of occupying them; they are going to find a corner or a space for themselves and they are followed by maids carrying stools over their arms, maids wearing *rebocillos* on their heads and the shawls of the country on their shoulders. Yet these black, separate figures kneeling on the stone, trailing their separate black around them in a kind of conspicuous humility, epitomize Spain.

Out of the sacristy door with its canopy of gilded saints two acolytes appear. The six great candles are lighted. The altar is a simple table of stone covered three times with its laces. A close procession moves into the choir. the great carved space behind the altar is filling up, on one side young priests, perhaps a hundred, wearing their odd linen surplices like white armor, on the other monsignors in moirée are flashing their trailing vermilion into their separate stalls. And in the center, behind the choirmaster, boys in a cluster are ready for responses, ready with their open books in their hands. Now in the gold doorway there is a cloud of green—the figures of the celebrants. These, covered with the twin mysteries of dim light and vast space, move like the figures in an ancient dance. Ahead walks the master of ceremony; his long black cape is

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bordered in *grosblue,* he is wearing a wig curled at the sides, and he strides with a gilt crozier in his old hand—a peculiar gait of three legs. Four priests follow him—one in a green cope—and at the last comes the boy swinging the cerser, not in the usual manner, not in the safe arc, but round and round, like a wheel of fire with a prick of danger in the center.

To begin, one voice is heard, one voice alone in that dim space, richly, without an echo, without any quavering. The responses are metallic, crowded and packed voices. Then the organ. It is not soft nor muted here, but music out of actual horns, a rigid sound—a very pinnacle of far-off sound, a chant, that seems suddenly awake and alive in us at last after aeons of complete forgetfulness. . . .

Presently two acolytes with their candles move toward the epistolary. These are not solemn boys at all; they whisper together, they move about in the great stone pulpit, and behind the priest they lean on the carved rail in Raphael attitudes.

For the Gospel there is vastly more ceremony. In a black and vermilion procession the choir files out of their stalls into the pink marble royal boxes on either side of the altar; every one of those hundred changes places. The chancel master, crozier and wig, leads every figure, performs every gesture first; he is like a sentinel-bird, black with bands of blue-green down the front, and his profile is a Dantesque beak; when everyone else is seated, when everyone else is finding his own special dream in the droning Latin, he is still standing there at the first steps of the altar, alert, a falcon of God.

In the Gospel pulpit there are candles moving, and three green-silk priests are forming a tableau. Beneath the Mass-book a length of green brocade hangs over the grey rail in a wonderful soft fall. Afterward a vermilion monsignor ascends alone to preach; when a language is unknown it is like music, or like a mystical sound.

At the Offertory two acolytes spread a great carpet of pale silk on the floor, raise it two or three times until its measured place is found before the altar—the exact spot. It is for the priests to kneel on, those six who are to form a guard of honor for the moment of Consecration. In the golden door six figures in green copes appear; spears and candles held frailly at drooping angles are in their old hands. They walk to their stations, and kneeling down with this light on their aged faces, with the hems of their marvelous copes mingling and incense about their shoulders, they are like a curtain of green but themselves shut away again and again in the floating greyness from censers.

The bell is rung twice at the Consecration. The moment of holiness is announced by two strokes, one up and one down. It sounds rather a poor little bell after such brocade and incense preparation; all humility is in that simple and single tone, two strokes in that jeweled and vast space. However the ecstasy that should proclaim is not lacking; outside in the tower a wheel of bells like a circle of pigeons flying, near and away, are flashing and flashing.

The Agnus Dei is said. The last chants sound. In the dimness a boy with a homely, preoccupied air reaches the altar-candle nearer the darkened book and priests move from side to side in their last green gestures. Over the steps a final cascade of lace topples and flows—a toppling of white like a slowed and accented rhythm. Without any music the recessional; and this lack seems curiously correct, for what sound could equal the last silence of a symphony or the last silence of a miracle? There remains only a chancel filled with incense, a grey, melting air with figures, and then figures no more.

Such is the Mass at Palma.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE GOLDEN MEAN *IN RE* PROHIBITION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Referring to the communication in your issue of February 10 from my delightful friend, Father Wilbur, I am glad to note that he finds himself in agreement with Dr. John A. Lapp on at least one phase of prohibition. However, they are both wrong and for the same general reason: each is an extremist.

Dr. Lapp is wrong for the additional reason that he makes the question too simple. State or local is less objectionable than national prohibition, not merely because it affects a smaller number of persons, but also because it is less liable to the evils of violation and because it exemplifies the democratic principle of home rule as against centralized domination. Interference with individual liberty is obvious in both state and local prohibition. It is even present in the "meticulous regulation" favored by Father Wilbur. However, the size of the dissenting minority deserves more consideration, on democratic principles, than it receives from Dr. Lapp. The minority, if indeed it was ever a minority, opposed to national prohibition is not only greater numerically than the combined minorities that dissented from state and local prohibition, but much greater proportionally. No genuine believer in democracy, nor any realistic student of politics, will deny that there is a vital difference between drastic interference with the wishes and habits of a small minority and drastic interference with the wishes and habits of a large minority.

Dr. Lapp takes an extreme view when he apparently assumes that the liberty of a person to obtain intoxicating liquor may properly be destroyed whenever the majority in a legislature think that prohibition would promote social welfare in any degree. Father Wilbur approaches the question from the other extreme when he asserts that the liberty to obtain intoxicating liquor "is a natural right of which no man may be deprived by any government—national, regional or local—unless that particular individual has proven himself incapable of making an ethical use thereof." I should like to see Father Wilbur's attempt to demonstrate this proposition. Undoubtedly the opportunity to obtain intoxicating drinks under not unreasonable restrictions is a natural right, but it is not as unconditional nor as exigent as the right to life, to property or to marriage, for the simple reason that is not as important to the individual's welfare.

The conditions necessary for legislative suspension of the right and prohibition of the opportunity to get intoxicating liquor are two: first, that the evils of legalized liquor traffic are so great, so overwhelming in fact, that this non-essential good of the individual may reasonably be subordinated to the greater social good obtainable through prohibition; second, that these evils cannot be nearly as effectively prevented by any method of mere regulation. Whether the first of these conditions is sufficiently fulfilled at a given time and place to justify any sort of prohibition, is a question of human judgment upon which universal agreement is impossible. The evils might be grave enough to warrant local but not state or national prohibition, or to warrant the first and second but not the third.

However, the first condition is not of great practical interest inasmuch as the second, namely, that prohibition should be considerably more effective than regulation in meeting the evils of the liquor traffic, is emphatically not realized in the case of national prohibition. Is it true of state prohibition? Probably not, except in a very few of our commonwealths. Does

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it apply to prohibition by municipalities? Undoubtedly it does in the case of many of the smaller cities and towns. On an automobile trip three years ago between Quebec and the New Hampshire line, I passed through many towns where local prohibition has been in effect for many years, mainly through the influence of the Catholic pastors. In these localities prohibition evidently "worked," just as it was effective in many of our own towns and small cities before the curse of national prohibition descended upon our land.

To sum up: I think that local prohibition is feasible and justifiable whenever a considerable majority of the inhabitants want it; I think that state prohibition would be feasible and possibly justifiable in a very few states under the favorable attitude of a very considerable majority of the population; but I would concede this much to Father Wilbur's ethical argument, —the decent citizen of a prohibition state should not be prevented by state or federal legislation from having liquor transported to him from any state in which the traffic is legalized.

Rev. John A. Ryan.

DANGERS OF RADIO CONTROL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: It was with a very lively sense of gratification that I read in your issue of February 17 the editorial, "Dangers of Radio Control." It was high time that a voice with the strength and authority of Bishop O'Hara's should be lifted against the series of lectures going forward under the auspices of the National Advisory Committee on Radio Education. Having had much experience of the teachings of Dr. Hollingworth and her contemporaries, I am not surprised at the statements she broadcast nor at her attitude, but I am sincerely astonished that she and her school of protagonists should be in a position to broadcast their questionable ideas on child rearing under such distinguished sponsorship and approval.

If this is to be the type of educational broadcasting forwarded and encouraged by non-commercial sponsorship, then one can well question the advisability of government control of radio. For four years I myself have been broadcasting, with the coöperation of reputable and high-minded business firms, antidotes to the propaganda of these very people who are now speaking with so much ease and freedom for the National Advisory Committee under the guise of "education." And I submit that in the hands of conscientious and responsible business firms, the morals of the listening radio public are far safer than when the intelligentsia are permitted to run riot over the air under the protection of the government. Such programs, for instance, as the much-maligned Amos 'n Andy, the Goldbergs, the Stebbins Boys, Real Folks, Armstrong Quakers, the Vermont Lumberjacks, the March of Time—all sponsored by thoroughly ethical commercial concerns, are a source of recreation and quite harmless enjoyment to millions who may have very few occasions in these times to rejoice or to recreate.

As another illustration, take certain morning programs—Our Daily Food or Mrs. Blake's Radio Column or the broadcasts of the late Alfred W. McCann and of his successor, Alfred W. McCann, jr., or my own little series, "Common Sense for Mothers," over WOR. These are followed devotedly by countless thousands of women and are constantly spreading among their listeners decent ideals of normal, wholesome, happy family life and loyal, good citizenship. The influence of such broadcasts is incalculable, and the commercial firms who make it possible for them to continue their work over the air deserve a vote of sincere gratitude rather than the general condemnation which seems to be their portion among the thoughtless and those who are perhaps not sufficiently well acquainted with all sides of the radio question.

Another phase of radio little considered by those who are not behind the scenes is this: The enormous engineering and electrical expense attached to broadcasting a program of symphonic or operatic music in a manner worthy of it, can be met by the broadcasting companies only because the other hours in the week are paid for at high rates by advertisers sponsoring commercial programs; therefore, it is the much-despised commercial program which is really responsible for the country's enjoyment of beautiful music beautifully broadcast. I am told that a drawback to government control of radio in England is the bad broadcasting of good music. The government tax on radio sets fails to endow the British Broadcasting Company sufficiently—in the absence of commercial sponsors—to afford the advantages which make the conditions of broadcasting so perfect in this country.

May I rather reluctantly further submit that another great difficulty with sheerly educational programs is that many of the speakers chosen for their intellectual qualifications are dull beyond endurance as broadcasters. The public turn their dials away from them with relief and thanksgiving.

The problem has many sides. But it would seem to me that we would come closer to the solution by showing as many radio advertisers as possible that their interests are best served in sponsoring programs of merit and decency as well as of wide human appeal—than by placing in the hands of a few unregulated but determined intellectuals a power over radio which, rightly used, may lead to immense boredom and, wrongly wielded, can be fruitful of immense harm.

Estelle M. Reilly.

Canton, Ohio.

TO the Editor: I have read the editorial, "Dangers of Radio Control," and think it able and opportune. As to the advertising done over the radio, I suppose you are well aware that the newspapers are very much opposed to it, mostly apparently because it diminishes their income. So when reading newspaper criticisms, this point has to be borne in mind.

Rev. E. P. Graham.

THE FOUR LAST THINGS

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: It is disconcerting to find so admirable a critic as Sister Madeleva alluding to approximate rhymes as "the most odious fly in the ointment of Humbert Wolfe's verse."

While it is true that in poetry as in all the arts, form is inevitably molded by content, the conviction which leads a modern poet to use this device is only partly explained by the theory of the author as Sister Madeleva presents it: that "a line should be written as it occurs to the poet and not altered in deference to a finer fidelity to sound."

As I understand it, the half-rhyme is an attempt to escape from the jingling monotony and shallow music of the so-called perfect rhyme, and to substitute for it the deeper harmony of blended or even contrasted sounds. The enriched effect which the writer achieves by this modulation of vowels—never of consonants—may be frustrated if the poems are not read aloud. A reader who looks for eye-rhymes and matches syllables will ask himself incredulously, "Is he really trying to make these words rhyme?" On the other hand, the poet will defeat his own purpose if the contrast of sound is so violent as to wrench

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the minds of his audience away from what he is saying because of the way he says it. It seems to me that the rhymes quoted by Sister Madeleva—fellow, swallow; were, star; argent, insurgent—are not open to this charge.

This trick of sound is not a new technique, but rather a part of the general tendency in current proetry to reëmploy some of the melodic subtleties of the early seventeenth century. A casual inspection of the work of the poet-musician Campion will show how deftly he used the sound-shift in both the words and music of his songs. In fact, the unexpected major chord with which he concludes compositions written in a minor key may be held very closely analogous to his half-rhymes.

Is it not possible that Mr. Wolfe's approximate rhymes, which Sister Madeleva correctly calls frequent and deliberate, may be considered in the light of additional evidence of his mastery of technique?

ALICE WINIFRED FINNEGAN.

CATHOLIC LEAKAGE

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editor: It seems to me that Father Vogt is inadvertently censuring all the bishops, yes, the Popes, who approve the publication and use of catechisms for the teaching of religion. He is quite correct in blaming the stupidity of rote-methods in teaching children. But that would hardly justify the statement that "the catechism method of teaching religion is a tragic failure." Although the catechism is an outline of theology, a framework of the Faith, and may be compared to a skeleton, we are not asking our children to love the skeleton or the framework or the intellectual outline as such, but we are—provided we teach with proper adaptation to the capacity of our pupils—asking them, and most reasonably, to love the truths therein contained. Even a mother, who is flesh, blood and love, cannot be without skeleton support; even religion cannot be without theological or intellectual framework. No apologies or excuses for faulty, mechanical rote-methods of teaching, least of all in religion, are here suggested. But that does not condemn or outlaw the catechism. Yes, let us teach religion. We shall do so if we teach the catechism sensibly. Recent articles in the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* on "The Pedagogical Value of Our Catechism" by Reverend John J. O'Gorman, D.C.L., clearly demonstrate this. Unintelligent or inefficient methods can—yet should not—be allowed to make such an invaluable aid as our catechism nugatory.

REV. W. A. PADBERG, S.J.

A HOPEFUL SWING

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor: It actually happened, it did. Recently I had occasion to participate in a Mass celebrated in a neighboring city. At the Mass a sermon was given wherein THE COMMONWEAL was openly used and read from; some especially fine paragraphs on Catholic Action and Catholic lassitude gave just that splendid touch of journalistic gusto to the sermon to make it very interesting and practically applicable.

I recall that some months back THE COMMONWEAL dared to hope such a thing would often occur to itself, since a good contemporary in England had experienced similar good fortune. It is certainly encouraging to see our clergymen utilize this periodical in such a way, for both the listeners and the magazine are positively benefited. More power to this cause! It is just another way of exemplifying Catholic Action.

MARTINA FRANSIC.

THE CARDINAL GIBBONS INSTITUTE

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: Father LaFarge's statement of the Negro question in his article on the Cardinal Gibbon's Institute was interesting and well put. I have at times been disappointed in the way that social workers have stated the social aspect of the Negro question. They have pleaded for social equality and the intermingling of races as the only way of convincing non-Catholic Negroes that Catholics are sincere in their practice of brotherly love for all men in Christ, and thus they say vast numbers of Negroes will be won to the Faith!

The exalted idealism of such a delusion would be more than offset by the inevitable and vicious abuse that would undoubtedly follow if such a program could be carried out. We might as well bribe people to accept the Faith with ten dollar bills as to bribe them with ephemeral promises of social equality, that would certainly not be a good thing for the vast majority of Negroes any more than for the vast majority of whites. The problem is not one of color, it lies deeper than color or class prejudice (which is reaction against just such confused thinking)—it is rooted in human nature and the natural law.

To teach this diluted form of Christianity to the Negro is a mere palliative for the abuse and suffering under which he is already laboring, and might well be compared to the vain promises of social equality held out to the masses by the Communists and Bolshevists. It is certainly not the kind of Christianity that the Negro and the laboring man need.

The only kind of Christianity that the classes and the masses of both colors need today, and which the Catholic Church alone is able to give, is that exalted Christianity of the Cross of Christ—and social equality will take care of itself. When the Negro or laboring man has advanced to the higher levels of a true Christian life he will no longer be interested in social equality, and when that time does come he will probably receive it unsolicited in the form of recognition that is far higher than that of his white contemporary. Black saints are needed as greatly as white ones, and we must not forget that each of us is called to sainthood in his own limited and humble way. Happiness does not, after all, depend upon the reform of others but on the reform of self.

Give us more preachers of the Cross among the Negroes who have plenty of chance to practise it in every-day life and in the meantime, to be sure, let us do everything we can to help him to help himself and to establish his independence, which will do him more good than all the social privileges in the world.

More power to Father LaFarge and his work among the Negroes!

E. R. H.

FRANCE AND DISARMAMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I regret that an advance proof of my article in the number of February 24, for which I asked, did not reach me. If it had, I would have suggested that the Editor's Note state that my article appears solely and simply as a statement of the point of view of an American friend of France, as I do not consider myself qualified to state the French point of view.

Perhaps no great harm will be done after all, but I feel bound to call this discrepancy to your attention and again to emphasize that on international questions I speak for no one except myself.

MAURICE LÉON.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Riddle Me This!

DANIEL RUBIN'S new play can go down promptly on your list as something well worth seeing—that is, if you take your theatre for its entertainment value and if you have no particular prejudices against murder stories which are not mysteries. "Riddle Me This!", quite aside from the important fact that its cast includes two such capable stars as Thomas Mitchell and Frank Craven, is an ingenious and swiftly moving play, with well-calculated suspense, enough characterization to give it a special tang, and enough novelty in details to give it freshness. In the general field of crime and detection, with a relieving comedy twist, it is a good companion piece to "Whistling in the Dark."

It is one of those plays in which you know the truth from the start, so that the suspense consists in following the efforts of the detectives and a newspaper man to get the right man before an innocent man is electrocuted. When the curtain goes up, you see Dr. Ernest Tindal bending over the form of his dead wife, whom he has just strangled. You see his efforts to destroy every trace of his own part in the crime and to plant suspicion on someone else. From this point on, Detective Captain McKinley and his inseparable newspaper friend, "Kirk," are in charge of the situation, McKinley being played by that past master of friendly comedy, Thomas Mitchell, and Kirk by Frank Craven. Dr. Tindal, who, by playwright's license is something of a psychologist as well as a surgeon, succeeds in throwing them all off the track, in establishing a suave alibi for himself, and in directing all the suspicion toward a young man who was actually guilty of having an affair with Mrs. Tindal, but who had no part whatever in the murder.

If this young man did not have an exceptionally pretty sister (played by that delightful actress, Erin O'Brien-Moore) it is probable that he would never have escaped the chair. But Kirk finds ample reason, in the person of the sister, for not dropping the case as settled and for delving farther into Dr. Tindal's alibi. There is a capital climax, unspoiled by the obvious.

It is a noticeable thing in several recent plays of this sort that the comedy is no longer brought in merely as "relief," but in its own right and as an integral part of the play. This marks a distinct improvement in detective play technique. It expands the feeling beyond mere plot and thrill to include genuine characterization. Both Mitchell and Craven are past masters at this sort of work, Mitchell with an explosive and deadly innocence and Craven—as Craven. No part can change him. He is always as distinct a stage figure as Chaplin, a curious combination of clown and philosopher and dreamer. Any play with two such actors in it could not help but have moments of sheer nonsensical delight. But in the present instance, the play itself is exceptionally well constructed, and the supporting cast is something for the John Golden management to boast about. Charles Richman is a masterly and impenetrable villain, all the minor parts are well taken, and Erin O'Brien-Moore, though not called upon for any great effort, will always be everyone's favorite in any part. Some of her earliest work—as for example in Estlin Cumming's "Him"—is probably forgotten, although it was memorable. But as Rose Maurrant in "Street Scene" she came into her deserved own. Her ability is far beyond the meager requirements of the present play, but to say that is only to emphasize the lavish hand with which Mr. Golden has dressed up one of the best plays of its kind in many months. (At the John Golden Theatre.)

Wild Waves

WILLIAM MANLEY has written two separate plays and unfortunately combined them into one play about radio broadcasting. The result is one of those puzzling and too frequent events in the theatre—a play that is excellent in many spots and rather languid as an attempted whole. "Wild Waves," however, has the distinct advantage of the leading presence of Osgood Perkins in one of those sharp, cynical parts in which he is without a peer. It is rather amusing to recall that Perkins was once cast by knowing managers in such parts as diffident clergymen and the like. It took some time to discover that this Harvard graduate possessed something close to genius in catching the brittle vulgarities or the caustic vigor of gangsters, newspaper men, executive secretaries and other exponents of a cynical age. The fact is, of course, that Perkins is an exceedingly versatile and accomplished artist, quite as much at home in Jed Harris's production of "Uncla Vanya" as in "The Front Page" or "Spread Eagle." He has the intuition and feeling to make a part live up to his intelligent concept of it, and the technique to make it express every shade of emotion he plans for it. He has few discoverable limitations, and represents the masculine side of the modern stage at its best.

My enjoyment of Perkin's incisive acting may have added some color to my moderate enjoyment of certain parts of "Wild Waves"—including both the parts that are sheer satire of radio methods and management and the parts that attempt quite seriously to probe into the tragedy of mediocrity. One of the plays Mr. Manley has written concerns the pathetic effort of those with moderate talent to live a life of greatness in a brutally frank world. The executive manager of the station (Mr. Perkins), the energetic program arranger (Betty Starbuck) and a boy with an excellent voice and an incurable lack of self-confidence all discover, before the end of the play, that they have been overreaching. They are, one and all, mediocrities. The final scene, in which they learn to accept this verdict, and to plan new lives on a lower scale of ambition, is one of the best scenes of its kind I have watched in any play. It is worthy of the best of Russian writers. Nor is the other play—the radio satire—bad in itself. In fact, it has much of the ribald strength that most people recall from "Once in a Lifetime." It has point and vivacity and wit. But the mood of exaggeration in which it revels does not and cannot fuse with the serious undertone of the quite different play with which it is combined.

The theme of the first play is the bold and fine one of tragic discovery quite bravely surmounted. It has no inherent connection with radio or the atmosphere of the broadcasting studios. I feel certain that Mr. Manley could have gone far if he had confined himself to this one subject. But the satirical atmosphere of the rest of the story robs the theme of these three characters of most of its important implications. You cannot take very seriously the boy's breakdown before the microphone, nor the manager's discovery that he is not, after all, a great composer, nor the girl's realization that she is incapable of inspiring a friend to great achievement. The satirical parts of the play have thrown all these matters into comic rather than serious proportions. (At the Times Square Theatre.)

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BOOKS

The Origin of Man

Evolution and Theology: The Problem of Man's Origin, by the Reverend Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D.; with a preface by Father Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., M.A., and an introduction by Very Reverend Charles L. Souvay, C.M., Ph.D., D.S.S. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

PEOPLE who have felt that there is a growing estrangement between science and theology on the matter of evolution will hail with genuine delight this scholarly monograph from the pen of Dr. E. C. Messenger, professor at St. Edmund's College, Ware, England. The author discusses the thorny problem of the evolution of man in a refreshingly frank, honest and courageous manner. The teachings of the Fathers and Doctors of the early Church, the views of scriptural scholars and modern theologians and the decisions of the Biblical Commission are presented and subjected to a careful interpretation.

What differentiates this treatment from that encountered in most of the theological and scriptural manuals that find their way into our seminaries, is the fact that the author shows some appreciation of the cogency of the evidence that has led the overwhelming majority of present-day scientists to accept evolution not only as a theory but as an established generalization. This does not mean that evolution is regarded as unmodifiable as a metaphysical law, but that it is the generalization which best fits the known facts. Like all the other laws or principles of science it is tentative, and ready to accept modification if new evidence requires it. But until that time evolution remains the generalization which best explains the converging data of biology, embryology, comparative anatomy, serology and paleontology. The fact that the author deals fairly with this impressive mass of evidence instead of seeking constantly to minimize it, and rule it out of court, as a "wild and unfounded hypothesis" on the basis of some irrelevant text of Scripture, enhances its value and constitutes not the least of its attractive features.

To persons who got their views of evolution from any of the standard theological manuals written up until the last twenty-five years or so, the point made by Dr. Messenger that the first chapter of Genesis was commonly understood by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church up until the thirteenth century to teach the spontaneous generalization of plants and animals, will come as a distinct surprise. The evidence mobilized by the author is overwhelming. It shows that modern theologians who postulate the direct and immediate intervention of God for the bridging of the gap between the inorganic and the organic worlds as a *sine qua non* of Christian philosophy manifest little familiarity with the great stream of patristic thought on this subject. For, not only were the Fathers quite generally convinced that living beings arose out of inorganic matter by virtue of special powers instilled into matter by the Creator for this purpose, but they were also convinced that in some instances species of one kind gave rise to different, though lower, species.

It is obvious, of course, that the patristic conception differed in many important details from the modern theory of the evolution of species. But, fundamentally, as far as principles are concerned, Dr. Messenger rightly concludes, there is little difference between the patristic theory and the modern one. To the critic who objects that the Fathers did not think that a particular species could give rise to a higher one, the author replies: "But it is equally true that they thought that even the highest species had risen from inorganic matter, which is surely more wonderful still." The point is that while there is no scientific evidence that spontaneous generation occurs now, theologians might well hesitate, in view of the testimony from patristic tradition, to declare that the principles of Christian philosophy preclude the possibility of its ever having occurred, even at the beginning.

In discussing the formation of Adam, the author shows that while Scripture does not formally teach that his body was the product of evolution, it is not incompatible with that idea.

There is an interesting treatment of Saint Augustine's famous *rationes seminales,* which both Father Woods, S.J., and Father McKeogh have made the subject of special investigation. Contrary to the view of Father Woods, the author holds that in the case of man as well as in regard to plants and animals, the *rationes seminales* are not merely passive potentialities but active powers. The causality of the seminal reasons, which Saint Augustine compares to that of a seed relative to the plant to which it gives rise, is an active causality. In his interpretation of Genesis, the learned Bishop of Hippo is shown to hold that man or more properly the whole human race was contained in the first creation according to a virtuality as real and as complete as that of the animals and plants.

The mistake made by both Father Woods, who tried to show that the principles of Augustine are fatal to the evolution theory, and by Father McKeogh, who is on the whole favorable to the theory, lies according to Dr. Messenger in approaching the question from an entirely wrong point of view. They begin with the presupposition that we must interpret Saint Augustine as Saint Thomas did in the thirteenth century. This is historically unsound. It is a commonplace of the history of philosophy that there are important points of divergence in the philosophic thought of Saint Thomas and that of Saint Augustine. The former was predominantly an Aristotelian while the latter was a neo-Platonist. So great was the reverence which Saint Thomas felt for the scholar of Hippo that he could never bring himself formally to set up his own opinion directly against the latter. As De Wulf points out: "Saint Thomas does not contradict him; he does not consider him suspect because of his connection with neo-Platonism; instead he transforms the meaning of his statements, sometimes by slight corrections, sometimes by violent interpretations which do violence to the text" ("History of Mediaeval Philosophy," II, page 7). In defending himself for this procedure, Saint Thomas says: "In multis quae ad philosophiam pertinent, Augustinus utitur opinionibus Platonis, non asserendo, sed recitando!" ("Summa Theologica," I, Q. lxxvii, a. 5).

Dr. Messenger rightly argues that if Saint Augustine is to be interpreted in the light of any author other than himself, it is more reasonable to construe him in the light of the teaching of Saints Ephrem, Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, John Chrysostom and Ambrose, than according to the thought of a philosopher who did not appear upon the scene until eight centuries later. All the Fathers mentioned held that living beings originated from the powers of inorganic matter. In reality, however, Saint Augustine's evolutionary views are so clear that the author establishes his case most effectively simply by letting the Doctor of Hippo speak for himself.

Especially valuable is the author's analysis of the decree of the Biblical Commission. He follows the able lead of Canon Dorlodot in interpreting this decree, limiting its scope to the territory actually demanded by its own words. Contrary to the contentions of some modern writers who seek to condemn evolution on the basis of some misinterpreted verse in Genesis, or by extending unduly the scope of the decree of the Biblical

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Commission, the author clearly shows that the commission purposely refrained from reproving the doctrine of the origin of Adam's body by organic evolution. Indeed none other than Dom Laurent Janssens who was at that time secretary of the Pontifical Biblical Commission is mentioned as authority for the report that the formula "peculiaris creatio hominis" was especially chosen so as not to reprove the theory of the evolution of the human body. Indeed, the "commission does not even say there is something special to the creation of the first man which does not apply to every other man."

The author focuses his attention upon evolution in the light of Scripture, as interpreted by the early Fathers, and by Catholic theologians of mediaeval and modern times. There still remains the urgent need of a volume interpreting the bearing of evolution upon the idea of God, and particularly upon the historical teleological argument—in other words, a philosophical study of evolution and theism.

The lengthy exposition of the views of the early Fathers of the Church is not likely to grip the interest of the modern mind. An unusually complete table of contents describing the topic of almost every page, however, will enable the discerning reader to hasten to the numerous points of acute modern interest. The influence of that great scholar of Louvain, Canon Dorlodot, who blazed a trail which many a Catholic evolutionist has been glad to follow, is seen thoughout the work. Though dead, he still speaks to us.

This scholarly volume reflecting the painstaking work of fifteen years, and embodying the results of the coöperative efforts of many of the most distinguished scriptural and theological authorities in the Church, should go a long way toward quieting the hysteria of those intransigent theologians who are not content to reject evolution themselves, but who seek by a factitious flourish of authority to compel all others to do likewise. It will be helpful in restoring a judicial calm to writers who labor under the false impression that loyalty to the Catholic faith requires them to minimize the evidence of evolution, and garble the meaning and distort the implications of the increasing stream of scientific data pointing toward an evolutionary past. The volume deserves a place alongside the great works of Wasmann and Dorlodot and should find its way into every theological establishment which aspires to keep in touch with the ripest fruits of Catholic scholarship.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN.

Literature and Knowledge

The Literary Mind, by Max Eastman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

"YOU MAY bury me," said Socrates while in prison awaiting death, "if you can catch me," and his jest serves as a fitting rejoinder to Max Eastman's latest volume, "The Literary Mind."

The book is, for the most part, a collection of papers, augmented for the inclusion, previously contributed to *Harper's* and *Scribner's,* the purpose of which is to set forth the effects of science upon literature and criticism. Mr. Eastman, together with Mr. I. A. Richards, whose theories of poetry are criticized in a note appended to the present volume, may be thought of as the forerunner of a group of critics which will inevitably arise, a group whose mission it will be to advance science ever further as the ultimate explanation of reality. He undertakes to interpret the humanists to themselves, to show that scientific principle must supplant poetic ecstasy, to forecast the future of literature, to prepare the way for a definition

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NEXT WEEK

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY, by William Franklin Sands, is light on the tangle of American investments in foreign countries, principally those in South America, and the responsibilities of the government in guaranteeing the collection of them and of the State Department in the first place in assuming to put an official O. K. on them. Whatever one's emotions on the subject, and there are unfortunately many people who for vital reasons froth at the mere mention of it, an informed and objective study of the matter is essential. Mr. Sands from diplomatic experience in the Orient and Central America discloses important facts on dollar diplomacy. . . . FOR SALE: FREEDOM, by Joseph Michael Lalley, mourns the exalted ideas of democracy which he believes were lost in economic mists. The loss of these ideas, he holds, rather than democratic principles themselves, brought on trying times and a foolish desire of many to abandon themselves to dictatorships. . . . TWILIGHT IN EUROPEAN DRAMA, by Eugene M. Kogan, considers the desperate situation of the theatre, and incidentally of music, in what has heretofore been the cradle of our Occidental culture. He tells of the efforts that are being made to revive the patient through subsidies, and sees them largely hopeless because the art of the theatre, "that ennobled reality which alone gives a meaning to the tangible objects and events of life," languishes. A vital cause of this he suggests is the practice of exploiting "stars" while other elements of drama are neglected. . . . WITH SLIDE-RULE IN OLD CHINA, by A. and M. Small, recounts delightfully the oddities of custom and the amazing technique employed in building a house in the Flowery Kingdom.

of poetry and to establish the premise that the "gentleman and religion" must give way before the "plain man and science." The work is skilfully reasoned, well written and highly provocative. It remains, however, entirely devoid of anything which might serve as a commentary upon Socrates's jest.

While reading the book, one becomes more and more convinced that the scientific method is the only means of arriving at objective truth; but in spite of Mr. Eastman's erudition and his powers of reasoning, one must remain unconvinced that the objective is the only truth. It may be that during coming decades science will reveal the composition of matter, plot the path of the electron and explain the origin of life more nearly than to say that life begins when the inorganic becomes organic through the instrumentality of a colloid. Nevertheless, one must be permitted to doubt, even with such aids to understanding as these, that Shakespeare would have had greater influence in literary matters had he not given Bohemia a seacoast, that Keats would have been a greater poet had he not mistaken Cortez for Balboa upon an important occasion, or that Browning would have been any more admirable had he known that salt sprinkled upon a burning candle did not change the color of the flame from yellow to blue and green. One must likewise be permitted to retain certain illusions—for I have no doubt that scientific criticism would deem them illusions. For instance, I must believe that something remains of the Christian martyrs besides the ashes left at the stake, that mother love is not merely devotion to self as mirrored in the child, that romantic love is not all a matter of sex relationship, and that a face is decidedly more than the beginning of the alimentary canal—I must believe these things or fail to see the necessity of belief. After all, was Socrates ever buried?

Furthermore, although almost everybody will agree with Mr. Eastman that the scientific mind does not seek to raise the standard of comfort so much as it seeks to discover truth, not everybody will agree—if I may skirt the fringes of a battle waged these three hundred years—that the pursuit of truth must be left to the plain man and science and not to the gentleman and religion. There are those on both sides whose I.Q. hardly reaches ninety; but even if that were not true, must we, under stress of current preoccupation with scientific method, give over our ideals of taste, courtesy and personal honor? Must Communism be the ultimate reality?

GEORGE CARVER.

Babylon

Nebuchadnezzar, by G. R. Tabouis. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

MUCH recent biography is in a style which strikingly suggests the technique of the scenario writer. Historical events, scenes or persons are dealt with in such a fashion that the border-line between fiction and reality is completely obliterated. Such a procedure is entirely legitimate in the case of the scenario writer, whose function is neither to instruct nor to edify, but it is not quite intelligible in the case of an author whose works are presumably historical. The historical novel occupies a useful and honored place in the field of literature, but novelized history has not yet received sufficient recognition to entitle it to literary citizenship. A good descriptive tag is, perhaps, all it needs to make it respectable.

The career of Nebuchadnezzar offers an alluring theme for the historian, the novelist or the scenario writer; and the success which Mme. Tabouis had with Tutankhamen no doubt induced her to turn her attention from Egypt to Babylon. In the career

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of the tyrannical ruler who led the Jews into the captivity, she found a subject worthy of her talents, and a mass of material to work with, which extended all the way from the pages of the Bible to the contents of the cuneiform libraries and the latest finds of the archaeologists and excavators. M. Gabriel Hanotaux, of the French Academy, in his preface lauds the skill and the success of the author, but he puts readers of the book on their guard against what he calls "some audacities of the imagination." None but the meager tribe of specialists, those who are *Fachleute* in the shifting sands of ancient Oriental history, can draw an unmistakable line between "audacities of the imagination" and the certain landmarks of Babylonian history. The book, however, is an excellent specimen of what a recent writer calls "fictionized biography" and which he deplores as one of the most noxious manifestations of what is called the "modern spirit." "Fictionized biography," he says, "is neither soup nor roast nor pudding, neither fiction nor biography." These are strong words. Perhaps a gentle hint to Clio that Hollywood and the company of scenarists is no place for a lady of her age might be equally effective. The limitations imposed on historians by the necessity of clinging to established fact will rob this class of writing of much of its vividness and most of its dramatic quality, but history will be the gainer if it is made to observe these limitations.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

The Company of Jesus

St. Ignatius, by Christopher Hollis. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THERE are some books that are slow reading, not because they are tedious, but because the matter in them is so solid that they tempt one to ruminate, and they suggest side-lines of interest that send one off to the encyclopaedia or to the library. Of course, scholarly books all tend to be like this. The rarity is to find a popular book, a book for the great audience of those who demand only that they be interested, which has the quality. I, for one at least, found Hollis's "St. Ignatius" to have it. This may be a little old-fashioned and, with the majority, out of style. For some time it has been the rage to have everything pre-digested so that it can be passed rapidly through the mind without effort, and probably without nourishment. The cosmos is put into an algebraic formula or a set of geometric propositions, and the hasty thereupon imagine that they swing the whole thing by an invisible thread from their cerebrums. If, however, one stands off and looks at this fashion from a little distance, it is sillier than bustles and probably will be equally flattened in another decade. It is of the same type as the idea that blunt declarative sentences really take one places. Personally I prefer a thicket of thoughts and phrases, with its attendant diversity, as offering a place worth staying in awhile and opportunities for intellectual exercise and explorations. Hollis's book is a jungle.

"In the corruptions and confusions of the sixteenth century," says the author, "none guessed, or could have guessed, that salvation was to come not from Pope or emperor or reformer, but from a lame Spanish gentleman, a little dwarf, from out the high mountains where Charlemagne had fought and Roland died. These things cannot be known nor understood, for our world is interlocked with another world that is not ours and the workings of which are not revealed to us." Thus the author suggests the scope of his effort. He treats of the corruptions that led to the Protestant rebellion, of the resultant confusions not only in the visible signs of Christian faith but

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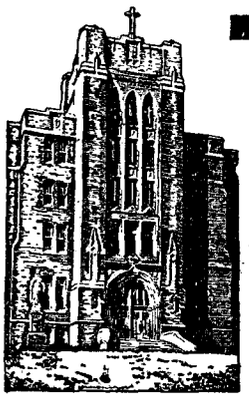

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also in the invisible values of doctrine. Rulers and reformers, in the pursuit of temporal gains, add to the confusion. In the midst of it, Ignatius and his followers by an unshakable, disciplined devotion to the eternal things, by thorough scholarship in the things of Christ, maintained a luminous sanity that seems to mark them in perspective as the special instruments of Divine Providence. These are apparent absolutes which stand out without qualification in the necessary limitations of Mr. Hollis's study. He wisely disclaims: "When the disciples argued among themselves as to who was the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, Our Lord gave to them no encouragement in their foolish competition. God sends his especial servants each to his especial work. There is no precedence nor order of merit among them. I will not attempt the stupidity of comparing Saint Ignatius with any of his fellow saints. It is enough to record that, if it be the purpose of man to love God with all his heart and to serve Him with all his mind, then there has not yet been among men a greater than Ignatius of Loyola."

How the saint's exalted purpose is achieved realistically in the contretemps of circumstances, is in Mr. Hollis's biography a record of works rather than of mental processes, which makes it all the more enthralling reading.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Homo Americanus

King Legion, by Marcus Duffield. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated. $3.00.

MR. DUFFIELD gives us here the first critical study of that war-born organization, the American Legion, which has with peace become such a dominant factor in our national life and which, though prohibiting politics by its very constitution, is today head over heels in politics. The author takes us behind the scenes and shows us the functionings of what he terms this "million-dollar corporation," with its advertising, publicity, news service, radio and movie departments, and its amazing lobby in Washington through whose capricious maneuvers Congress was thrice forced to pass important laws over the President's veto.

The Legion wants to make America "legion-conscious" and to have enacted in peace a conscription law whereby every boy whether he wishes or not must serve time in military training. It has at times restricted free speech, forced the dismissal of teachers for their independence, criticized text-books and written one of its own for the schools, stressing in it the glory of war and portraying history with a militaristic moral. And it has high-pressure methods for muffling opposition. Through it all it claims to be a military organization for maintaining peace.

It has an eye too on the national pocket-book. During the next decade we will be paying over $3,000,000,000 annually to ex-service men; in other words, each citizen will pay $30.00 per annum to these doughty warriors the great majority of whom never saw actual combat. To put it more graphically, Congress must set aside over 45 percent of the cost of government for them, and in the next twenty years it will cost America as much to appease their insatiable demand on the Treasury as it did to wage the World War. A most interesting chapter is "The Church Subversive."

Mr. Duffield's excellent study leads one to believe that if the American Legion is attaining a national (and individual for each member) will to power, God help America! Whether one believes that the last war was a mere swindle or a holy crusade, it surely looks as if America is just beginning to pay for it.

T. FRANCIS HEALY.

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Briefer Mention

The Seven Stars, by André Malvil; translated by André Malvil and Elizabeth Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

POSSIBLY the publishers were bowing to the "modern" when they compared M. Malvil's book to Proust. A more accurate parallel can be found in "The Confessions of Saint Augustine," as indeed the life here delineated bears many striking similarities to that of the great doctor. For "The Seven Stars," only approximately labeled a novel, is the revelation of a soul's search for God and, as in Augustine's case, the search for many troubled years in an almost frantic groping toward a goal which is unknown, even unsensed. Again, Malvil's protagonist, who tells his own story, makes a life of indulgence in every worldly pleasure his point of departure into the realm of the spiritual. On the other hand, fear of death, not a consuming desire for truth, impels him towards conversion—a journey which is described with singular beauty and restraint, with a simplicity which all but transmutes prose into poetry. The essential paganism of his love for Vivian Donovan, the lovely *bonne viveuse* whose death starts the pilgrim forward to the Church, needs another transmutation, however, to bear the stress given it by the author. Thus Malvil's Vivian is ill-placed in the rôle of a Beatrice leading her lover to heaven.

The Weather Tree, by Maristan Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

AGAIN Mrs. Chapman brings before us the community of Glen Hazard. Again these American mountaineers, authentically homely and natural, yet as strange to standardized and urbanized perceptions as visitors from the far side of the moon, play out the dictates of their enigmatic code, and pour out the living poetry of their speech, to furnish us with some really superior artistic entertainment. However, there are counter-weaknesses to the feeling, accuracy and humor which have raised Mrs. Chapman to her rank among our leading folk novelists. Her strength is for atmosphere and idea rather than for drama. This story of Thelma Lane, the mountain girl torn between her strong identity with her people (symbolized by her brother Chad) and her love for an interfering outlander who wishes to "raise their standard," is soundly conceived and rich in incidental material, but the impact of the direct action is feeble. We are less held by the bafflements and uncertainties of Thelma, even by her final renunciation in loyalty to her deepest nature, than we are by what we hear and see by the way. But that, among these weather-encompassed, racy, life-pondering people, is in itself a feast.

Revaluations, by various authors. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

DURING the past year, ten lecturers agreed to supply a London audience with snapshots of celebrities from the vantage point of today. Captain Liddel Hart gave what is virtually a digest of his recent, fairly sensational life of Marshal Foch. Mr. Chesterton essayed to speak extemporaneously about Mary, Queen of Scots—with the result that one can't help wishing he would speak that way very often. There are excellent literary summaries of Goldsmith (by Stephen Gwynn) and of Tennyson (by Lascelles Abercrombie). But the present reviewer's prize is conferred by acclamation on Mr. T. Earle Welby whose remarks on Pater are among the most sensible ever devoted to that much pseudo-philosophized-upon writer. The whole is really a diverting and instructive book.

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Marietta, by Anne Green. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

AS SPONTANEOUSLY entertaining as "The Selbys," and as uninhibited in expression as "Reader, I Married Him," Miss Green's latest novel carries a definite suggestion of moral seriousness which takes it out of their company and invites the question whether its author is not beginning to develop into a really human commentator. That witchlike detachment which enabled her to draw untroubled merriment from the most bemused and amoral antics of her characters, is tempered in her study of Marietta Malory by a sense of the disorder and tragedy wrought by wrong-doing. Marietta, self-willed and spoiled, seduces her sister's husband because life has always taught her she is entitled to what she wants. Inevitably she adds a second, and worse, crime to the first; and when the old, classic wage for sin is exacted, the conclusion rings true, not only morally but psychologically: Marietta has destroyed herself, whatever fantastic accident brings about her mere physical death. The novel is by no means polarized throughout to this deeper philosophy, but the departure prompts a genuine interest in what Miss Green will do in the future. If she retains, as she does here, her happy sense of people's manifold social absurdities, while developing this new perception of their moral significance, she may yet write an important novel.

Miss Pinkerton, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Incorporated. $2.00.

THAT Mrs. Rinehart is one of the modern masters of the detective novel cannot be gainsaid. The penalty of mastery, unfortunately, is that your readers bring the memory of it to the perusal of everything you write. "Miss Pinkerton," the story of the young nurse who worked on the quiet with the Central Office, and got results not by reading her patients' letters or listening at their keyholes, but by sharpening her powers of legitimate observation and intuitive deduction, is written with the unmistakable Rinehart competence. Its false clews are planted, its tensity sustained, its easy dialogue spun out and its pleasant romance put in, by a practised hand. In other words, it is well above the average novel of its kind. But it comes a long way short of being a story of the caliber of "The Circular Staircase" or "The Door," in either ingenuity of invention or imaginative enhancement.

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